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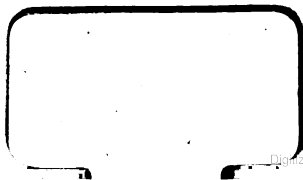
TRANSFER  
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CYRANO  
DE  
BERGERAC  
...  
EDMOND ROSTAND



TRANSLATED BY  
HOWARD THAYER KINGSBURY  
ACCEPTED AND PLAYED BY RICHARD MANSFIELD

D 6279



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J. W. Richards.

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99. Feb.



# Cyrano de Bergerac



# CYRANO DE BERGERAC

*A Heroic Comedy*

From the French of Edmond Rostand

Done into English Verse

By

Howard Thayer Kingsbury

ACCEPTED AND PLAYED BY

RICHARD MANSFIELD



Lamson, Wolffe and Company

Boston, New York, London

MDCCCXCVIII



KD 6279



*Mrs. Theodore W. Richards*

Copyright, 1898

By HOWARD THAYER KINGSBURY

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**Lockwell and Churchill**  
BOSTON

## Translator's Note.

The object sought in this translation has been to give as faithfully as might be both the form and the substance of the original. Blank verse, the traditional form of the classic English drama, has been adopted as the analogue of the original Alexandrines, and the form of the incidental lyrics has been followed. The translator hopes that his version may be of service in giving some idea of the beauties of M. Rostand's work to those whose acquaintance with French is insufficient to enable them to enjoy the original; and that it may interest those already familiar with the original to hear it through the medium of another tongue.

This is the version accepted and played by Mr. Richard Mansfield, opening at the Garden Theatre, New York, October 3, 1898.

The coat-of-arms upon the book-cover is that of the family to which the historical Cyrano de Bergerac belonged, as given by M. de Coubertin in his account of "La Famille de Cyrano de Bergerac," in the *Nouvelle Revue* for June 1, 1898.

H. T. K.

NEW YORK, October, 1898.



## Author's Dedication.

It was to the soul of  
Cyrano that I wished to  
dedicate this poem.

But since his soul has  
passed into you, Coquelin,  
I dedicate my work to you.

**E. B.**



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## Dramatis Personæ.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC,	THE DOORKEEPER,
CHRISTIAN DE NEUVIL- LETTE,	A TRADESMAN,
THE COMTE DE GUICHE,	HIS SON,
RAGUENEAU,	A PICKPOCKET,
LE BRET,	A SPECTATOR,
CAPTAIN CARBON DE CAS- TEL-JALOUX,	A GUARD,
THE CADETS,	BERTRANDOU, THE FIFER,
LIGNIÈRE,	THE CAPUCHIN,
DE VALVERT,	TWO MUSICIANS,
A MARQUIS,	THE POETS,
SECOND MARQUIS,	THE PASTRY-COOKS.
THIRD MARQUIS,	—
MONTFLEURY,	ROXANE,
BELLEROSE,	SISTER MARTHA,
JODELET,	LISE,
CUIGY,	MOTHER MARGARET DE JÉSUS,
BRISSAILLE,	SISTER CLAIRE,
A BUSYBODY,	THE ORANGE-GIRL,
A MUSKETEER,	THE DUENNA,
ANOTHER,	AN ACTRESS,
A SPANISH OFFICER,	THE SOUBRETTE,
A LIGHT GUARDSMAN,	THE PAGES,
	THE FLOWER-GIRL.

The Crowd, Tradesmen, Marquises, Musketeers,  
Pickpockets, Pastry-cooks, Poets, Gascon Cadets,  
Actors, Violinists, Pages, Children, Spanish Sol-  
diers, Spectators, Blue-stockings, Actresses, Nuns,  
etc.

*(The first Four Acts in 1640 ; the Fifth in 1655.)*

# CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

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## FIRST ACT.

### A PERFORMANCE AT THE HÔTEL DE BOURGOGNE.

*The hall of the Hôtel de Bourgogne in 1640.*

*A sort of tennis court arranged and decorated for performances. The hall is oblong, seen diagonally, so that one of its sides forms the background, which runs from the first entrance on the right to the last entrance on the left, where it meets the stage, which is seen obliquely. This stage is provided with benches on each side, along the wings. The curtain is composed of two pieces of tapestry which may be separated. Above Harlequin's cloak are the royal arms. High steps lead down from the platform to the floor. On each side of these steps is the orchestra. Candles serve as footlights. Two galleries along the side, one above the other; the upper gallery is*



*divided into boxes. No seats in the parterre, which is the actual stage of the theatre; in the rear of this parterre, that is to say, to the right, first entrance, are benches rising in tiers; and under a staircase which leads to the upper seats, and of which only the beginning is visible, a sort of sideboard provided with little candelabra, vases of flowers, glasses, plates of cake, bottles, etc. In the middle of the background, under the tier of boxes, the entrance of the theatre. A large door, which partly opens to let in the audience. On the leaves of the door, as well as in several other places, and above the sideboard, red posters on which are the words "La Clorise." When the curtain rises the hall is half lighted and still empty, the chandeliers are lowered in the middle of the parterre, waiting to be lighted.*

## SCENE I.

The Public, arriving little by little. Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Lackeys, Pages, Pickpockets, the Doorkeeper, etc.; then the Marquises, Cuigy, Brissaille, the Orange-girl, the Violins, etc.

*(A sound of voices is heard behind the door; then a Gentleman enters suddenly.)*

THE DOORKEEPER *(following him)*.

Holloa! Your fifteen pence!

THE GENTLEMAN. I come in free.

THE DOORKEEPER. Why?

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm a guardsman  
of the Royal Household.

THE DOORKEEPER *(to another Gentleman who has just come in)*.

And you?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Oh, no!

THE DOORKEEPER. But —

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I'm a musketeer!

FIRST GENTLEMAN *(to the second)*.

The play does not begin till two o'clock;

The house is empty, let us try our foils.

*(They fence with the foils which they have brought.)*

A LACKEY *(entering)*. Pst — Flanquin! —

ANOTHER (*already in*). Champagne? —

THE FIRST (*showing him games which he takes out of his doublet*). Cards, dice.

(*Sits down on the ground.*) Let us play.

THE SECOND (*same action*).

Why, yes, my boy!

FIRST LACKEY (*taking from his pocket a candle end, which he lights and sets on the floor*). I've taken from my master

A bit of candle.

A GUARD (*to a Flower-girl who comes forward*). It is fine to come

Before the lights are lit.

ONE OF THE FENCERS (*getting a stroke of the foil*). Touched!

ONE OF THE GAMESTERS. Clubs!

THE GUARD (*pursuing the girl*). A kiss!

THE FLOWER-GIRL (*breaking away*).

We shall be seen.

THE GUARD (*dragging her into a dark corner*). No danger!

A MAN (*sitting on the floor, together with others who have brought eatables*). When one comes

Before the play, one has a chance to eat.

A TRADESMAN (*escorting his son*).

Let us wait here, my son.

A GAMBLER. Aces!

A MAN (*taking a bottle of wine from under his cloak, and sitting down*). A drinker  
Should drink his Burgundy  
(*drinks*) at the Hôtel de Bourgogne.

THE TRADESMAN (*to his son*).  
Would you not think it was some evil place?  
(*Points out the drinker with the end of his cane.*)

Drinkers!

(*As they separate, one of the fencers pushes him over.*)

Fighters!

(*Falls among the card-players.*)

Gamblers!

THE GUARD (*behind him, still struggling with the girl*). A kiss!

THE TRADESMAN (*drawing his son away quickly*). Good heavens!

And just to think that in a hall like this

They played Rotrou, my son!

THE YOUNG MAN. And Corneille too!

A BAND OF PAGES (*holding one another's hands, enter, singing and dancing*).

Tra la la la la la la la la la lère.

THE DOORKEEPER (*severely, to the pages*).

No nonsense, boys!

FIRST PAGE (*with wounded dignity*). Oh, sir, what a suspicion!

14           Cyrano de Bergerac.

*(Quickly to the second, as soon as the Door-keeper has turned his back.)*

Have you some string?

THE SECOND.       Yes, and a hook as well.

FIRST PAGE.       From up above there we can fish for wigs.

A PICKPOCKET *(gathering several evil-looking men about him)*.

And now, young rascals, come and take your lesson,

Since this will be your first attempt at thieving.

SECOND PAGE *(calling to other pages already in position in the upper galleries)*.

Holloa! Have you your blow-guns?

THIRD PAGE *(from up above)*. Yes, and peas!

*(Blows, and showers them with peas.)*

THE YOUNG MAN *(to his father)*.

What is the play?

THE TRADESMAN.   "Clorise."

THE YOUNG MAN.       Whose work is it?

THE TRADESMAN.   Monsieur Balthazar Baro's. 'Tis a piece!

*(Walks off, taking his son's arm.)*

THE PICKPOCKET *(to his pupils)*.

Cut off the lace upon the canons' robes!

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE *(to another, pointing out one of the upper seats)*.

I sat there on the first night of "The Cid"!

Cyrano de Bergerac. 15

THE PICKPOCKET (*making the gesture of snatching*).

Watches —

THE TRADESMAN (*returning, to his son*).

You'll see the most distinguished actors —

THE PICKPOCKET (*making the gesture of pulling out with little stealthy jerks*).

Handkerchiefs —

THE TRADESMAN. Montfleury —

A MAN (*calling from the upper gallery*).

Light up the candles!

THE TRADESMAN. Bellerose, L'Épy, Beau-pré, and Jodelet!

A PAGE (*in the parterre*).

Ah, here's the Orange-girl!

THE ORANGE-GIRL. Oranges, milk,

Raspberry syrup, lemonade!

(*A noise at the door.*)

A FALSETTO VOICE. Room, beasts!

A LACKEY (*in surprise*).

Marquises — in the pit?

ANOTHER LACKEY. Oh, for a moment!

(*Enter a little band of Marquises.*)

A MARQUIS (*seeing the hall empty*).

How's this? Do we arrive like simple shop-men,

Disturbing no one, treading on no toes?

Ah, fie for shame!

16      Cyrano de Bergerac.

*(Finds himself facing some other gentlemen who have come in a few moments before).*

Cuigy, Brissaille!

*(Great embracings.)*

CUIGY.

The faithful!

Yes, we arrive even before the candles.

THE MARQUIS. Tell me not of it. I'm in such a humor —

ANOTHER. Cheer up, Marquis! Here the lamplighter comes!

THE HALL *(greeting the entrance of the lamplighter)*. Ah!

*(Groups are formed around the candelabra, which he lights. A few people have taken their places in the galleries. Lignière enters the parterre, giving his arm to Christian de Neuville. Lignière is somewhat dishevelled, and looks dissipated, but distinguished. Christian is handsomely dressed, but rather behind the fashion, appears preoccupied, and looks at the boxes.)*

Scene II.

The Same; Christian, Lignière, then Ragueneau and Le Bret.

CUIGY. Lignière!

BRISSAILLE *(smiling)*. Not drunk yet?

LIGNIÈRE *(aside to Christian)*. Shall I introduce you?

(*Sign of assent from Christian.*)

Baron de Neuvillette.

(*Bows.*)

THE HALL (*hailing the ascent of the first lighted chandelier*). Ah!

CUIGY (*to Brissaille, looking at Christian*).  
Charming head!

FIRST MARQUIS (*who has heard*).

Pooh!

LIGNIÈRE (*introducing them to Christian*).

Messieurs de Cuigy, de Brissaille—

CHRISTIAN (*bowing*). Delighted!

FIRST MARQUIS (*to the second*).

He's well enough, but not quite in the style.

LIGNIÈRE (*to Cuigy*).

He's just from the Touraine.

CHRISTIAN. Yes, I have been  
Scarce twenty days in Paris. But to-morrow  
I join the guards, to serve with the Cadets.

FIRST MARQUIS (*looking at the people as they come into the boxes*).

There's Madame Aubry.

THE ORANGE-GIRL. Oranges, milk!

THE VIOLINS (*tuning up*). La, la!

CUIGY (*to Christian, indicating the hall, which is filling up*). A crowd!

CHRISTIAN. Yes, quite.

FIRST MARQUIS. All the fine world.





CHRISTIAN (*entreating*).

No! You, who tell me tales of town and court,  
Stay; you will know for whom I die of love!

THE FIRST VIOLIN (*rapping on his desk  
with his bow*). Attention, sirs!

(*Raises his bow.*)

THE ORANGE-GIRL. Macaroons, lemonade!

CHRISTIAN. I fear lest she be a coquette  
and witty.

I dare not talk to her; I have no brains.

The language that folk write and speak to-day

Troubles me much. I'm but a timid soldier.

She's always there—to the right, the empty  
box.

LIGNIÈRE (*moving as if to start*). I go.

CHRISTIAN (*still holding him back*). No,  
stay!

LIGNIÈRE. I cannot. D'Assoucy

Waits for me at the tavern. Here 'tis thirsty.

THE ORANGE-GIRL (*passing him with a  
tray*). Orange juice?

LIGNIÈRE. No!

THE ORANGE-GIRL. Milk?

LIGNIÈRE. Pooh!

THE ORANGE-GIRL. Muscatel?

LIGNIÈRE. Stop!

(*to Christian*) I'll stay a bit. Let's try your  
muscatel.

*(Sits down by the sideboard. The girl pours out his muscatel.)*

CRIES IN THE CROWD *(on the entrance of a little man, rather fat and very beaming)*.

Ah, Ragueneau!

LIGNIÈRE *(to Christian)*. Ragueneau, the pastry-cook.

RAGUENEAU *(dressed in the Sunday costume of a pastry-cook, quickly advancing towards Lignière)*.

Sir, have you seen Monsieur de Cyrano?

LIGNIÈRE *(introducing Ragueneau to Christian)*.

The pastry-cook of actors and of poets!

RAGUENEAU *(in confusion)*.

You honor me too much —

LIGNIÈRE.                           Be still, Mæcenás!

RAGUENEAU. These gentlemen are served by me —

LIGNIÈRE.           On credit.

He is himself a poet —

RAGUENEAU.                       So they say.

LIGNIÈRE. Crazy on verse.

RAGUENEAU. 'Tis true that for an ode —

LIGNIÈRE. You'd give a tart.

RAGUENEAU.                       Oh, just a little one!

LIGNIÈRE. He would disclaim it. — And for a triolet

Would you not give —

RAGUENEAU. Some rolls!

LIGNIÈRE (*severely*). Milk-rolls, of course.  
You like the theatre, then?

RAGUENEAU. I idolize it!

LIGNIÈRE. You buy your theatre-tickets  
with your cakes.

Your place to-day among us cost how much?

RAGUENEAU. Four cream-puffs, fifteen pat-  
ties (*looks around on every side*) — I'm  
astonished!

Monsieur de Cyrano has not arrived?

LIGNIÈRE. But why?

RAGUENEAU. Montfleury plays!

LIGNIÈRE. 'Tis true, this barrel  
Will play for us to-night the role of Phédon.  
But what cares Cyrano?

RAGUENEAU. You do not know?  
Montfleury, whom he hates, sirs, he forbade  
To appear upon the stage for a whole month.

LIGNIÈRE (*who has reached his fourth glass*).  
Well, then?

RAGUENEAU. Montfleury plays.

CUIGY (*who has approached with his group  
of friends*). He cannot stop him.

RAGUENEAU. Oh! Oh! I've come to see.

FIRST MARQUIS. Who is this man,  
This Cyrano?

## Cyrano de Bergerac.

CUIGY. A lad well skilled in sword-play.

SECOND MARQUIS. Noble?

CUIGY. Enough. In the Guards; a Cadet.

(*Pointing out a gentleman going to and fro in the hall, as if looking for some one.*)

His friend Le Bret can tell you.

(*Calls.*)

Oh, Le Bret!

(*Le Bret comes toward them.*)

You look for Bergerac?

LE BRET.

Yes, I am anxious—

CUIGY. He is a man who's quite out of the common?

LE BRET (*affectionately*).

He is the choicest soul of mortal men.

RAGUENEAU. A poet!

CUIGY.

Swordsman!

BRISSAILLE.

Doctor!

LE BRET.

And musician!

LIGNIÈRE. And what a strange appearance he presents!

RAGUENEAU. In truth, I think that Philippe de Champagne,

Solemn and grave, will never paint him for us;

But with his strange, grotesque extravagances

He would have lent to Jacques Callot, now dead,

A swashbuckler, to place among his masks.  
His hat is triply plumed, his doublet puffed,  
His sword-point holds his cloak far out  
behind,

Like the tail feathers of a strutting cock;  
Prouder than all the braves that Gascony  
Has borne and e'er will cherish like a mother;  
He bears, projecting from his spreading ruff,  
A nose — ah, what a nose it is, my lords!  
'To see one pass with such a nose as that  
You could but cry, "Oh, no! 'Tis magnified!"  
And then you smile and say, "He'll take it off,"  
But this Monsieur de Bergerac never does.

LE BRET (*shaking his head*).

Let him that would remark on it beware!

RAGUENEAU (*proudly*).

His blade's the half of the dread shears of  
Fate!

FIRST MARQUIS (*shrugging his shoulders*).

He will not come.

RAGUENEAU. He will — I bet a chicken  
Cooked à la Ragueneau!

THE MARQUIS (*smiling*). Done!

(*Noises of admiration in the hall. Roxane has just appeared in her box. She sits down in front, and her duenna takes her place in the rear. Christian, busy paying the Orange-girl, does not see her.*)

SECOND MARQUIS (*with little exclamations*).

Ah, sirs, she is

Terribly ravishing!

FIRST MARQUIS. A blushing peach

Smiling with strawberry lips!

SECOND MARQUIS. And so refreshing,  
If you come near you catch cold in your heart.

CHRISTIAN (*raises his head, sees Roxane,  
and quickly grasping Lignière by the arm*).

'Tis she!

LIGNIÈRE (*looking*). Ah?

CHRISTIAN. Yes, speak quick. I am afraid!

LIGNIÈRE (*swallowing his muscatel in little  
sips*).

Madeleine Robin, called Roxane,— a wit  
And learned.

CHRISTIAN. Alas!

LIGNIÈRE. Free, orphan, and a cousin  
Of Cyrano — of whom we spoke.

(*At this instant a very distinguished-looking  
nobleman, with the blue ribbon around his  
neck, enters the box, and stands talking for  
a moment with Roxane.*)

CHRISTIAN (*starting*). This man? —

LIGNIÈRE (*beginning to show the effects of  
drink, winking*).

Ha! ha! The Comte de Guiche, in love  
with her,—

Married to Richelieu's niece,— would marry  
Roxane

To a Monsieur de Valvert, old and dull,  
A vicomte, and obliging, — you know the  
way!

She's not consented, but De Guiche has power ;  
He well can persecute a simple girl.

Besides, I have exposed his evil plan  
In a song, — Ho, he should bear me a grudge !  
The end was biting, — Listen, —

*(Gets up, staggering, and holding his glass  
aloft ready to sing.)*

CHRISTIAN. No, good night.

LIGNIÈRE. You go?

CHRISTIAN. To seek De Valvert.

LIGNIÈRE. Have a care.

'Tis he will kill you!

*(Indicating Roxane with the corner of his eye.)*  
Stay, they're looking at you.

CHRISTIAN. 'Tis true.

*(He remains lost in thought. The group of  
pickpockets at this moment, seeing him with  
head in air and mouth open, draws near  
him.)*

LIGNIÈRE. I go ; I'm thirsty. I'm expected  
In the wine shops!

*(Goes out in a zigzag course.)*

LE BRET *(who has made the tour of the hall,*





Tells but the truth, for soon, thanks to your valor,

The Spaniard will fare very ill in Flanders.

DE GUICHE. I go upon the stage. You come?

*(He turns toward the stage, followed by all the Marquises and gentlemen. He turns back and calls.)* Valvert!

CHRISTIAN *(watching and listening to them, starts when he hears this name)*.

The Vicomte! Ah, let me throw in his face —  
*(Puts his hand in his pocket and finds the hand of a thief about to rob him. Turns around.)*

What?

THE PICKPOCKET. Oh!

CHRISTIAN. I want a glove!

THE PICKPOCKET *(with a piteous smile)*.  
You find a hand.

*(Changing his tone, quickly, and aside.)*

Let go! I'll tell a secret —

CHRISTIAN *(still holding fast)*. What?

THE PICKPOCKET. Lignière,

Who just left —

CHRISTIAN *(same action)*. Well?

THE PICKPOCKET. — is near to his last hour.

A song of his cut deep one of the great —

A hundred men — I'm one — to-night are posted —

28           Cyrano de Bergerac.

CHRISTIAN. A hundred? And by whom?

THE PICKPOCKET.                   A secret!

CHRISTIAN (*shrugging his shoulders*). Oh!

THE PICKPOCKET (*with great dignity*).

Professional confidence!

CHRISTIAN.                           Where will they be?

THE PICKPOCKET. Hard by the Porte de  
Nesle, upon his way.

Warn him!

CHRISTIAN (*at last letting go of the man's  
hand*). But where to find him?

THE PICKPOCKET.                   Go the rounds  
Of all the wine shops. Try the Golden Wine-  
press,

The Pine Cone, or the Sign o' the Broken Belt,  
The Double Torch, the Funnels, — and in  
each

Leave him a little note to give him warning.

CHRISTIAN. I run. The scoundrels! 'Gainst  
one man a hundred!

(*Looking at Roxane with love.*)

Leave her!

(*At Valvert, with fury.*) And him! But Li-  
gnière I must save.

(*Goes out on a run. De Guiche, the Vicomte,  
the Marquises, and all the gentlemen have  
disappeared behind the curtain to take  
their places on the stage benches. The*

*parterre is entirely filled. Not an empty place in the galleries or the boxes.)*

THE HALL. Begin!

A TRADESMAN (*whose wig flies away at the end of a string, fished up by a page in the upper gallery*). My wig!

CRIES OF JOY. He's bald. Cheer for the pages!  
Ha! ha! ha!

THE TRADESMAN (*furious and shaking his fist*). Little rascal!

LAUGHTER AND SHOUTS (*beginning very loud and diminishing*). Ha! ha! ha!

(*Total silence.*)

LE BRET (*astonished*).

This sudden silence?

(*A spectator speaks to him aside*). Ah?

A SPECTATOR. They say 'tis certain!

SCATTERING MURMURS. Hush! He appears?

No! Yes! In the latticed box.

The Cardinal! The Cardinal? 'Tis he!

A PAGE. The devil! Now we must behave ourselves.

(*A rapping on the stage. Every one becomes motionless. A pause.*)

THE VOICE OF A MARQUIS (*in the silence, behind the curtain*).

That candle should be snuffed!



“ Oh, happy he, who in sweet solitude  
Becomes a willing exile from the Court;  
And who, when Zephyrus has gently breathed ” —

A VOICE (*in the middle of the parterre*).  
Rascal, was't not for a month I warned you  
off ?

(*Amazement. Every one turns around,  
murmurs.*)

VARIOUS VOICES. What is't?  
(*People stand up in the boxes to look.*)

CUIGY. 'Tis he!

LE BRET (*in alarm*). Cyrano!

THE VOICE. King of gluttons,  
Off from the stage at once!

ALL THE HALL (*in indignation*). Oh!

MONTFLEURY. But —

THE VOICE. You baulk?

VARIOUS VOICES (*from the parterre and the  
boxes*).

Enough! Hush! Play, Montfleury, — do not  
fear!

MONTFLEURY (*in a voice ill at ease*).

“ Oh, happy he who in sweet solitude ” —

THE VOICE (*more threateningly*).  
Well, must I plant a forest on your shoulders,  
Monarch of scoundrels?  
(*A cane at the end of an arm springs out  
above the heads of the crowd.*)

32      Cyrano de Bergerac.

MONTFLEURY (*his voice growing weaker and weaker*).      "Happy he" —

(*The cane is shaken.*)

THE VOICE.      Go!

THE PARTERRE.      Oh!

MONTFLEURY (*choking*).

"Oh, happy he who" —

CYRANO (*rising from the parterre, standing on a chair, his arms crossed, his hat cocked, his moustache bristling, his nose terrible*).      Ah, I shall grow angry!

(*Sensation at his appearance.*)

Scene IV.

The Same; afterwards Bellerose and Jodelet.

MONTFLEURY (*to the Marquises*).

Come to my aid, sirs!

A MARQUIS (*indifferently*). Well, go on and act.

CYRANO. Lump, if you act, I needs must punish you!

THE MARQUIS. Hold!

CYRANO. Let the Marquises sit quietly; Or else my cane may trifle with their ribbons!

ALL THE MARQUISES (*standing*).

This is too much! Montfleury —

CYRANO.      Let him go;

Or I shall clip his ears, and rip him up!

A VOICE. But —

CYRANO. Let him go!

ANOTHER VOICE. And yet —

CYRANO. 'Tis not yet done?

(*Going through the motion of rolling up his sleeves.*)

Good! I approach the stage as 'twere a side-board,

To carve in slices this Italian sausage.

MONTFLEURY (*collecting all his dignity*).

Your words to me insult the Comic Muse!

CYRANO (*very politely*).

If this Muse, sir, to whom you are as naught,

To meet you had the honor, mark my words,

When she saw all your fat stupidity

She'd use her sandals on you with a will!

THE PARTERRE. Montfleury! Montfleury!

Give Baro's play!

CYRANO (*to those who are shouting around him*).

I beg of you, have pity on my scabbard;

If you keep on it will yield up its blade!

(*The circle grows larger.*)

THE CROWD (*drawing back*). Holloa!

CYRANO (*to Montfleury*). Get off the stage!

THE CROWD (*drawing nearer and grumbling*). Oh!

CYRANO (*turning around quickly*). Who objects?



34           Cyrano de Bergerac.

(*They draw back again.*)

A VOICE (*singing in the background*).

Monsieur de Cyrano  
Rules us with iron sway ;  
But, though he says us no,  
Still "Clorise" they will play.

ALL THE HALL (*singing*).

— Still "Clorise" they will play.

CYRANO. If once again I hear you sing this  
song,

I'll slay you all.

A TRADESMAN. You are not Samson yet!

CYRANO. Will you, sir, kindly lend to me  
your jawbone?

A LADY (*in one of the boxes*).

This is unheard of!

A NOBLEMAN. It is scandalous!

A TRADESMAN. It is vexatious!

A PAGE. And this is amusement!

THE PARTERRE. Ksss — Cyrano! —  
Montfleury!

CYRANO. Silence, all!

(*Shouts and cat-calls from the parterre.*)

CYRANO. I order you straightway to hold  
your tongues ;

I send a general challenge to you all!

Come on, young heroes, I will take your  
names,

Each in his turn ; I'll give to each his number !  
Come, who's the man who bravely heads the  
list ?

You, sir ? No ! You ? No ! Who is for a  
duel ?

I'll speed him with the honors which are due.  
Let all who wish to die now raise their hands.  
(*Silence.*)

Shame will not let you see my naked blade ?  
No name ? No hand ? — 'Tis well. I shall  
go on.

(*Turning back towards the stage, where Mont-  
fleury waits in despair.*)

Now ! I desire to see the theatre healed  
Of this foul sore. If not —  
(*his hand on his sword*) — the lancet, then.

MONTFLEURY. I —

CYRANO (*descends from his chair, sits down  
in the middle of a circle which is formed  
around him, and settles himself as if at  
home*).

I shall clap my hands three times, like this !  
You'll vanish at the third.

THE PARTERRE (*amused*). Ah !

CYRANO (*clapping his hands*). One !

MONTFLEURY. I —

A VOICE (*from the boxes*). Stay !

THE PARTERRE. He'll stay — he will not —



THE PARTERRE. Let him come back!

SOME OF THE CROWD. No!

OTHERS. Yes!

A YOUNG MAN (*to Cyrano*). But, sir, in short,

What reason have you to hate Montfleury?

CYRANO (*graciously, still seated*).

Young bantling, I have two, and each alone  
Is quite enough: First, he's a wretched actor,  
Who mouths, and utters with a porter's grunts  
The lines which ought to fly away like birds;  
The second — is my secret.

THE OLD TRADESMAN (*behind him*). But  
you rob us  
Of "Clorise," without scruples,—I object—

CYRANO (*turning his chair towards the  
Tradesman, respectfully*).

Old mule, since Baro's verse is less than  
nothing

I interrupt without regret!

THE BLUE-STOCKINGS (*in the boxes*). Our  
Baro!

My dear! How can he say it? Ah! Good  
heavens!

CYRANO (*turning his chair towards the boxes,  
gallantly*).

Fair creatures, beam and blossom; be senes-  
chals



A BUSYBODY (*who has approached Cyrano*).

Montfleury! It is scandalous!  
He is protected by the Duc de Candale.  
Have you a patron?

CYRANO. No!

THE BUSYBODY. You have not?

CYRANO. No!

THE BUSYBODY. What, no great lord to  
shield you with his name?

CYRANO (*with visible annoyance*).

I said no twice. Must I then make it three?  
No; no protector —  
(*his hand on his sword*) — but a good pro-  
tectress!

THE BUSYBODY. But you will leave the  
town?

CYRANO. That all depends.

THE BUSYBODY. The Duc de Candale's arm  
is long.

CYRANO. Less long  
Than mine is —  
(*showing his sword*) — when I give it this  
extension.

THE BUSYBODY. You do not dream of try-  
ing —

CYRANO. Yes, I do!

THE BUSYBODY. But —

CYRANO. Right about face, now!



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THE BUSYBODY. Sir!

CYRANO. Does its shape shock you?

THE BUSYBODY. No, not at all!

CYRANO. Why so disparaging?

Perhaps you think it is a trifle large.

THE BUSYBODY (*stammering*).

I think it small, quite small, a tiny one!

CYRANO. What? Call it so absurd a name  
as that?

Call my nose little?

THE BUSYBODY. Heavens!

CYRANO. My nose is huge!

Poor flat-nose, stupid snub-nose, flat-head, learn

'Tis an appendage I am proud to bear,

Because a large nose is the unfailing sign

Of a good man and kindly, generous,

Courteous, full of courage and of wit;

Such as I am, and such as you're forbidden

Ever to dream yourself, poor good-for-naught!

For the inglorious face above your collar,

Which my hand now will find, is full as bare —

(*Boxes his ears.*)

THE BUSYBODY. Oh!

CYRANO. — Of pride, of wit, of poetry,  
of art,

Of all adornment, and in fine of nose —

(*turns him about by the shoulders, suiting the  
action to the word*)





Many and many a thing, changing your  
tone,

As for example these ; — Aggressively :

“ Sir, had I such a nose I'd cut it off ! ”

Friendly : “ But it must dip into your cup.

You should have made a goblet tall to drink  
from.”

Descriptive : “ 'Tis a crag — a peak — a  
cape !

I said a cape ? — 'tis a peninsula.”

Inquisitive : “ To what use do you put

This oblong sheath ; is it a writing-case

Or scissors-box ? ” Or, in a gracious tone :

“ Are you so fond of birds, that like a  
father

You spend your time and thought to offer  
them

This roosting-place to rest their little feet ? ”

Quarrelsome : “ Well, sir, when you smoke  
your pipe

Can the smoke issue from your nose, without  
Some neighbor crying, ‘ the chimney is a-  
fire ’ ? ”

Warning : “ Be careful, lest this weight drag  
down

Your head, and stretch you prostrate on the  
ground.”

Tenderly : “ Have a small umbrella made,

44      Cyrano de Bergerac.

For fear its color fade out in the sun."

Pedantic: "Sir, only the animal

Called by the poet Aristophanes

'Hippocampelephantocámelos'

Should carry so much flesh and bone upon  
him!"

Cavalier: "Friend, is this peg in the fashion?  
To hang one's hat on, it must be convenient."

Emphatic: "Magisterial nose, no wind  
Could give thee all a cold, except the mistral."

Dramatic: "'Tis the Red Sea when it  
bleeds!"

Admiring: "What a sign for a perfumer!"

Poetic: "Is't a conch; are you a Triton?"

Naïve: "When does one visit this great  
sight?"

Respectful: "Let me, sir, pay my respects.  
This might be called fronting upon the  
street."

Countrified: "That's a nose that is a nose!  
A giant turnip or a baby melon!"

Or military: "Guard against cavalry!"

Practical: "Will you put it in a raffle?

It surely, sir, would be the winning number!"

Or parodying Pyramus, with a sob:

"There is the nose that ruins the symmetry  
Of its master's features; the traitor blushes  
for it."

My friend, that is about what you'd have said  
 If you had had some learning or some wit ;  
 But wit, oh ! most forlorn of human creat-  
 ures,

You never had a bit of ; as for letters  
 You only have the four that spell out " Fool " !  
 Moreover, had you owned the imagination  
 Needed to give you power, before this hall,  
 To offer me these mad jests — all of them —  
 You would not even have pronounced the  
 quarter

O' the half of one's beginning, for I myself  
 Offer them to myself with dash enough,  
 But suffer no one else to say them to me.

DE GUICHE (*trying to lead away the dazed  
 vicomte*). Vicomte, leave off !

THE VICOMTE (*choking*). These great and  
 lofty airs !

A rustic, who — who — even wears no gloves,  
 And goes about without a single ribbon.

CYRANO. It is my character that I adorn.  
 I do not deck me like a popinjay ;  
 But though less foppish, I am better dressed :  
 I would not sally forth, through carelessness,  
 With an insult ill wiped out, or with my con-  
 science

Sallow with sleep still lingering in its eyes,  
 Honor in rags, or scruples dressed in mourning.



Shake it, because it falls asleep — the fault  
Of leaving it long idle —

THE VICOMTE. What's the matter?

CYRANO. My sword-blade tingles!

THE VICOMTE (*drawing his own sword*).

Very well, come on!

CYRANO. I shall give you a charming little  
stroke.

THE VICOMTE (*with disdain*). Poet! —

CYRANO. A poet, yes! and such a one,  
That, while I fence with you, I'll improvise  
A ballade for you.

THE VICOMTE. A ballade?

CYRANO. I suppose  
You do not e'en imagine what that is?

THE VICOMTE. But —

CYRANO (*as if reciting a lesson*).

The ballade, then, is made up of three stanzas,  
Of eight lines —

THE VICOMTE (*shuffling his feet*). Oh!

CYRANO (*continuing*). And a refrain of four.

THE VICOMTE. You —

CYRANO. I'll make one and fight you, both  
at once.

And at the last verse touch you, sir.

THE VICOMTE. No!

CYRANO. No?

The ballade of Monsieur de Bergerac's duel  
At the Hôtel de Bourgogne with a booby.



My point flits like a fly on the pane,  
As I clearly announce to the hall  
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

I need one more rhyme for "array" —  
You give ground, you turn white as the wall,—  
And so lend me the word "runaway."  
There! you have let your point fall  
As I parry your best lunge of all;  
I begin a new line, the end's plain,  
Your skewer hold tight, lest it fall.  
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

*(Announces solemnly.)*

REFRAIN.

Prince, on the Lord you must call!  
I gain ground, I advance once again,  
I feint, I lunge. *(Lungeing.)* There! that is all!

*(The Vicomte staggers. Cyrano salutes.)*

For I thrust as I end the refrain.

*(Shouts. Applause in the boxes. Flowers and handkerchiefs are thrown. The Officers surround Cyrano and congratulate him. RaguenEAU dances with enthusiasm. Le Bret is dizzy with joy. The Vicomte's friends hold him up and lead him away.)*

THE CROWD *(in one long cry)*. Ah!

A LIGHT GUARDSMAN. Superb!

A WOMAN. A pretty stroke!

RAGUENEAU. Magnificent!



50            Cyrano de Bergerac.

A MARQUIS.    Something quite new!

LE BRET.                    Mad folly!

VOICES (*in the confusion about Cyrano*).

Compliments,

Congratulations, bravo!

VOICE OF A WOMAN.    He's a hero!

A MUSKETEER (*advancing quickly toward  
Cyrano with outstretched hands*).

Will you allow me, sir?— 'Twas right well  
done,

And these are things I think I understand;  
Besides, I have expressed my joy by stamp-  
ing!

(*Withdraws.*)

CYRANO (*to Cuigy*). Who is this gentleman?

CUIGY.                            He's D'Artagnan!

LE BRET (*to Cyrano, taking him by the arm*).

Come, let us talk—

CYRANO.                    Let the crowd go out first.

(*To Bellerose.*) May I wait?

BELLEROSE (*respectfully*). Certainly!

(*Shouts are heard without.*)

JODELET (*after looking out*). They hiss  
Montfleury!

BELLEROSE (*solemnly*). "Sic transit"—

(*Changing his tone, to the doorkeeper and the  
candle-snuffer.*) Sweep. Close up. But  
leave the lights.

Cyrano de Bergerac. 51

We shall return when we have had our supper,

For a rehearsal of to-morrow's farce.

*(Jodelet and Bellerose go out, after low bows to Cyrano.)*

THE DOORKEEPER *(to Cyrano)*. You do not dine?

CYRANO. I?— No!

LE BRET *(to Cyrano)*. Because?

CYRANO *(proudly)*. Because —  
*(Changing his tone when he sees that the Doorkeeper has gone.)*

I have no money!

LE BRET *(making the gesture of throwing a bag)*. What! the bag of crowns?

CYRANO. Inheritance, in one day thou art spent!

LE BRET. How will you live this month, then?

CYRANO. Naught is left.

LE BRET. What folly 'twas to throw away the bag!

CYRANO. But what a stroke!

THE ORANGE-GIRL *(coughing behind her little counter)*. Hum! hum!

*(Cyrano and Le Bret turn about. She advances timidly.)*

To see you fasting —  
It breaks my heart.

52      Cyrano de Bergerac.

(*Showing the sideboard.*) I have all that is  
needed.

(*With enthusiasm.*) Take what you wish!

CYRANO (*taking off his hat*). My Gascon  
pride forbids me,  
My child, to take one dainty from your hands,  
And yet I fear that this may cause you pain,  
And so I shall accept —  
(*goes to the sideboard and chooses*) — oh,  
nothing much!

A grape —

(*She starts to give him the bunch; he picks  
one grape.*) But one! This glass of water!

(*She starts to pour in some wine; he stops  
her.*) Clear!

And half a macaroon!

(*He returns the other half.*)

LE BRET.                      But this is foolish!

THE ORANGE-GIRL. Oh, something more!

CYRANO.                      Why, yes, your hand to kiss!  
(*He kisses the hand which she holds out, as  
he would the hand of a princess.*)

THE ORANGE-GIRL. I thank you, sir.

(*She courtesies.*)                      Good night!

(*She goes out.*)

## Scene V.

Cyrano, Le Bret, then the Doorkeeper.

CYRANO (*to Le Bret*). Talk, I will listen.  
 (*He takes his place before the sideboard, arranging before him the macaroon.*)

Dinner!

(*the glass of water,*) Drink!

(*the grape.*)

Sweets!

(*He sits down.*) There, I sit down at table!

Ah, friend, I was unconscionably hungry!

(*Eating.*) You said?

LE BRET. That these fools, with their war-like airs,

Will spoil your wit if you consort with them;  
 Consult men of good sense, and so find out  
 The effect of your mad sally.

CYRANO (*finishing his macaroon.*) It was huge.

LE BRET. The Cardinal —

CYRANO (*beaming*). So the Cardinal was there?

LE BRET — Must have esteemed it —

CYRANO. Quite original!

LE BRET. Yet —

CYRANO. He's an author. It cannot displease him

If some one come to spoil a rival's work.



Casts glances at them with his fishy eyes!  
 Him have I hated since one night he let  
 His gaze rest on her — Oh, I seemed to see  
 Upon a flower fair a great slug crawling.

LE BRET (*amazed*).

What? What? And can it be —

CYRANO (*with a bitter smile*). That I should  
 love? —

(*Changing his tone and seriously.*)

I love.

LE BRET. And may I know? You never  
 told me

CYRANO. Whom I love? Think, it is for-  
 bidden me  
 To dream of love from e'en the most ill-fa-  
 vored —

This nose, which goes before me half a mile!—  
 And so whom do I love? — the answer's plain!  
 I love — it is absurd — the very fairest!

LE BRET. The fairest?

CYRANO. Yes. In short, in the whole world;  
 The most consummate charms, —  
 (*with great dejection*) — the fairest hair!

LE BRET. Heavens, who is this woman?

CYRANO. A mortal danger,  
 Without intention; charming, without thought;  
 A trap by nature set, a damask rose  
 In which, close hid in ambush, Love is lurking!

56      Cyrano de Bergerac.

He who has known her smile has known perfection.

Her grace is all unconscious ; she sums up  
The whole of heaven in a single movement ;  
And, Venus, thou couldst never mount thy  
shell,

Nor thou, Diana, walk the leafy forests,  
As she mounts in her chair and walks these  
streets !

LE BRET. I understand. 'Tis clear !

CYRANO. 'Tis quite transparent !

LE BRET. Your cousin Magdeleine Robin ?

CYRANO. Yes, Roxane.

LE BRET. Well, that is for the best.  
You love her ? Tell her !

You won great glory in her eyes to-day !

CYRANO. Look at me, friend, and tell me  
what fond hopes

This great protuberance could ever leave me ?  
Oh ! I have no illusions ! — By the gods,  
Sometimes I soften, on an evening clear ;  
I seek some green spot, when the hour is  
sweet,

I scent the Spring with my poor monstrous  
nose.

'Neath the moon's silver beams my gaze will  
follow

Some woman passing on her lover's arm,

And then I think I too should like to walk,  
With sweetheart on my arm, in the fair moon-  
light.

My fancy rises, I forget,— and then  
I see my profile's shadow on the wall!

LE BRET (*with emotion*). My friend!—

CYRANO. My friend, I have my gloomy  
hours,

Knowing myself so ugly, and sometimes,  
When quite alone—

LE BRET (*quickly taking his hand*). You  
weep?

CYRANO. Ah, never that!

No, that would be too ugly, if along  
This monstrous nose a tear should trickle  
down!

I'll not permit, so long as I am master,  
That such gross ugliness contaminate  
The grace divine of tears! For, mark you  
well,

There's nothing more sublime on earth than  
tears;

I would not have one put to ridicule  
By me, the while my plight should raise a  
laugh.

LE BRET. Be not so mad! For love is  
naught but luck!

CYRANO (*shaking his head*).



58      Cyrano de Bergerac.

No, I love Cleopatra. Am I Cæsar?

I worship Berenice. Am I Titus?

LE BRET. But your wit! Your courage!—

This poor child,

Who offered you just now this modest meal,—

Her eyes, you plainly saw, misliked you not!

CYRANO (*struck by the idea*). That is the truth!

LE BRET. Well, then; Roxane herself  
Grew pale watching your duel.

CYRANO. She grew pale?

LE BRET. Her heart and mind already are  
much moved.

Dare, tell her, so that —

CYRANO. She'll laugh in my face!

No! 'Tis the one thing in the world I fear.

THE DOORKEEPER (*introducing some one to  
Cyrano*). Sir, you are asked for.

CYRANO (*seeing the duenna*). Heavens!  
her duenna!

Scene VI.

Cyrano, Le Bret, the Duenna.

THE DUENNA (*with a profound bow*).

Some one would be informed by her brave  
cousin

Where one can see him secretly.

CYRANO (*in amazement*). See me?

THE DUENNA (*with a courtesy*).

See you. Some one has things to tell you.

CYRANO. Things?

THE DUENNA (*with another courtesy*). Yes.

CYRANO (*staggering*). Heavens!

THE DUENNA. To-morrow, at the blush of dawn,

Some one will go to hear mass at Saint-Roch.

CYRANO (*leaning on Le Bret*). Heavens!

THE DUENNA. And after, where can some one stop

For a short talk?

CYRANO (*delighted*). Where — I — but — Lord —

THE DUENNA. Speak quick.

CYRANO. I'm thinking —

THE DUENNA. Where?

CYRANO. Ragueneau's, the pastry-cook's.

THE DUENNA. Where?

CYRANO. On the Rue — Ah, God! St. Honoré.

THE DUENNA (*retiring*). She'll go, be there, at seven o'clock.

CYRANO. I shall!

### Scene VII.

Cyrano, Le Bret, afterwards the Actors and Actresses, Cuigy, Brissaille, Lignière, the Doorkeeper, the Violins.



CUIGY. A heavy load  
We bring you.

CYRANO (*recognizing him*). Lignière — what  
has happened to you?

CUIGY. He's looking for you!

BRISSAILEL. He cannot go home!

CYRANO. Why?

LIGNIÈRE (*with a thick voice, showing him  
a crumpled note*).

This letter warns me — a hundred men against  
me —

Because — my song — great danger threatens  
me —

The Porte de Nesle — I pass it on my way —  
Let me go with you — sleep under your roof!

CYRANO. You said a hundred. You shall  
sleep at home!

LIGNIÈRE (*alarmed*). But —

CYRANO (*with a terrible voice, showing him  
the lighted lantern, which the doorkeeper  
swings, while he listens with curiosity to  
the conversation*). Take this lantern! —

(*Lignière hurriedly seizes the lantern.*)

March! I swear to you  
That it is I shall shelter you to-night! —

(*To the Officers.*) Follow, but hold your dis-  
tance, — be my seconds!

CUIGY. A hundred men —



Cyrano de Bergerac. 63

ANOTHER (*also jumping down, to an old actor*). And you, Cassandra?

CYRANO. Come all, Leander, Isabelle, the Doctor, —

All! You shall join, oh pleasant madcap throng,

Italian farce unto this Spanish drama,  
And o'er its thunder jingling antic noise  
Hang bells around it, like a tambourine!

ALL THE WOMEN (*jumping with joy*).

Bravo! A cape! A cloak, quick!

JODELET. Come along!

CYRANO (*to the Violins*).

Now, Violins, you'll play a tune for us!

(*The Violins join the parade which is forming.*

*Lighted candles are taken from the foot-lights and distributed. It becomes a torch-light procession.*)

Bravo! Women in costume, officers,

And twenty paces to the front —

(*takes his place as he speaks*) — myself

Alone, beneath the plume by glory placed,

Full proud as Scipio three times Nasica!

'Tis understood? No one to lend a hand!

Ready? One, two, three! Porter, clear the way!

(*The doorkeeper opens both leaves of the door. A picturesque moonlit corner of old Paris appears.*)

64      Cyrano de Bergerac.

Ah! Paris seems almost dissolved in haze :  
The moonlight falls over the slanting roofs ;  
A charming frame makes ready for the scene.  
There, 'neath its wreathing mists, the river  
Seine,

Like a mysterious and magic mirror,  
Shimmers, — and you shall see what you shall  
see.

ALL. On to the Porte de Nesle !

CYRANO (*standing on the threshold*). The  
Porte de Nesle !

(*Turning, before going out, to the Soubrette.*)

Did you not ask me why, mademoiselle,  
Against one poet five-score men are set?

(*Draws his sword and concludes placidly.*)

Because 'tis known he is a friend of mine.

(*He goes out. The procession — Lignière zig-zagging at the head, then the Actresses, taking the Officers' arms, then the Actors frolicking — starts on its midnight march to the music of the Violins, and the flaming light of the candles.*)

**CURTAIN.**

## SECOND ACT.

## THE POET'S COOK-SHOP.

*The shop of Ragueneau, baker and pastry-cook, a large establishment at the corner of the Rue Saint-Honoré and the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, a general view of which, gray in the first light of dawn, is seen in the background through the glass panels of the door. To the left, first entrance, there is a counter, and over it a wrought-iron canopy, to which are hung white peacocks, ducks, and geese. In great china vases there are tall bouquets of common flowers, principally yellow sun-flowers. On the same side, second entrance, there is a huge fireplace, in front of which, between large andirons, each of which supports a little saucepan, the roasts are dripping into pans. To the right, at the first entrance, a door. At the second entrance a staircase leading to a small room in a sort of loft, the interior of the room being visible through open blinds; a table is set there, lit by a little Flemish candlestick; it is a kind of private dining-room. A wooden gallery, extending from the head of the stairs, seems to lead to other similar small rooms. In*



*the middle of the cook-shop an iron ring, which may be lowered by means of a cord, and upon which heads of large game are hanging, makes a sort of chandelier. The ovens, in the shadow under the staircase, are glowing. The coppers glisten. The spits are turning. There are great piles of fancy dishes all around. Hams hang from their hooks. It is the morning baking. There is a bustle of frightened scullions, tall cooks, and little knife-boys. Their caps bristle with chicken feathers or guinea fowls' wings. Rows of cream puffs and collections of fancy cakes are brought in on iron trays and wicker stands. Some of the tables are covered with cakes and other dishes. Others are surrounded with chairs, waiting for customers. A smaller table, in one corner, is hidden under a mass of papers. When the curtain rises Ragueneau is seated there, writing.*

### Scene I.

Ragueneau, the Pastry-cooks, afterwards Lise.

Ragueneau, at the little table, is writing with an inspired air, and counting on his fingers.

FIRST PASTRY-COOK (*with a plate*).

Puff paste!

SECOND PASTRY-COOK (*with a dish*). And  
candied fruits!

THIRD PASTRY-COOK (*with a roast decorated  
with feathers*). A peacock!

FOURTH PASTRY-COOK (*with a plate of  
cakes*). Sweetmeats!

FIFTH PASTRY-COOK (*with a sort of pan*).  
Fillet of beef with sauce!

RAGUENEAU (*stopping his writing and rais-  
ing his head*). The silver light  
Of dawn already glistens on the coppers!  
Smother the god that sings in thee, Ragueneau!  
The lute's hour comes — this is the hour  
of ovens!

(*Gets up, — to a cook.*)

Lengthen this sauce for me, it is too short.

THE COOK. How much?

RAGUENEAU. Three feet.

(*Passes on.*)

FIRST PASTRY-COOK. The patty!

SECOND PASTRY-COOK. And the tart!

RAGUENEAU (*in front of the fireplace*).

Depart, my muse, for fear thy charming eyes  
Should be made red by all this faggot smoke!  
(*To a pastry-cook, showing him some loaves of  
bread.*)

You've split these loaves quite wrong, for in  
the middle

68           Cyrano de Bergerac.

Goes the cæsura — between the hemistiches!  
(*To another, showing him an unfinished  
pasty.*)

You need a roof upon this pie-crust palace —  
(*To a young apprentice seated on the ground,  
who is putting fowls on a spit.*)

And you upon this endless spit should put  
The modest chicken, and the turkey proud,  
Alternately, my son, as old Malherbe  
Arranged the long lines with the shorter ones;  
And turn the roasts before the fire in strophes.

ANOTHER APPRENTICE (*coming forward with  
a platter covered with a napkin.*)

Master, with thought of you I have prepared  
This, which I hope will please you.

(*Uncovers the platter, and shows a great lyre of  
pastry.*)

RAGUENEAU (*dazzled*).           Ah! A lyre!

THE APPRENTICE. 'Tis made of puff paste.

RAGUENEAU (*with emotion*). And with  
candied fruits!

THE APPRENTICE. And look! the strings  
are made all of spun sugar.

RAGUENEAU (*giving him money*).

Go, drink my health!

(*Seeing Lise coming in.*) Hush, there's my  
wife! Make off!

And hide this money!

(*To Lise, with an air of annoyance, showing her the lyre.*) Is 't not fine?

LISE. Absurd!

(*Puts a pile of paper bags on the counter.*)

RAGUENEAU. Bags? Good — I thank you.

(*Looks at them.*) Heavens! My honored  
• books —

The verses of my friends! Torn! Cut to pieces!

To make up bags wherein to carry biscuits —  
Ah! Orpheus and the Mænads you repeat!

LISE (*drily*). And have I not the right to put to use

The only thing they ever leave for payment —  
Your wretched scribblers of uneven lines?

RAGUENEAU. Ant!—do not thus insult divine grasshoppers.

LISE. My dear, before these folk became your friends

You did not call me Mænad — nor yet ant!

RAGUENEAU. To do such things to poetry!

LISE. Naught else!

RAGUENEAU. What would you then have done had it been prose?

## Scene II.

The Same, and Two Children who have just come into the Shop.

RAGUENEAU. What do you wish, my dears?

FIRST CHILD. Three patties, please.

RAGUENEAU (*waiting on them*).

There, nicely done, — and hot.

SECOND CHILD. And, if you please, Wrap them up for us.

RAGUENEAU (*aside*). Ah! One of my bags!

(*To the children.*) Wrap them up for you? Certainly, my dears.

(*Takes a bag, and just as he is putting the patties into it, reads:*)

“*Ulysses, when he left Penelope*” —

Not that one!

(*Puts it aside and takes another. Just as he is putting the patties in, reads:*) “*Bright-haired Phœbus*” — Nor yet that!

(*Same action.*)

LISE (*with impatience*).

Well? What is keeping you?

RAGUENEAU. There! There you are! (*Takes a third, and resigns himself to his fate.*)

The sonnet unto Phyllis! It is hard!

LISE. I'm glad he has decided.  
(*Shrugging her shoulders.*) Nicodemus!  
(*Stands on a chair and sets about arranging dishes on a high sideboard.*)

RAGUENEAU (*taking advantage of the fact that she has turned her back, calls back the children, already at the door.*)

Pst, children! Give me back the lines to Phyllis

And I will give six patties for your three.

(*The children give the bag back to him, snatch the cakes, and run off. Ragueneau, smoothing out the paper, begins to declaim as he reads.*)

“*Phyllis!*” On this sweet name a spot of butter —

“*Phyllis!*”

(*Cyrano enters hurriedly.*)

### Scene III.

Ragueneau, Lise, Cyrano, afterwards the Musketeer.

CYRANO. What time is it?

RAGUENEAU (*bowing to him ceremoniously.*)

Six.

CYRANO (*with emotion.*) In an hour!  
(*Walks to and fro in the shop.*)



RAGUENEAU. You were in danger?

CYRANO. No, none at all.

LISE (*shaking her finger at him*). I think that you are lying!

CYRANO. And think you that would set my nose a-tremble?

'Twould have to be a most tremendous lie!  
(*Changing his tone.*)

I wait for some one here. If not in vain,  
You will leave us alone.

RAGUENEAU. But that I cannot.

My poets soon will come —

LISE (*ironically*). For their first meal.

CYRANO. You'll get them hence when I shall give the signal.

The time?

RAGUENEAU. Ten minutes past.

CYRANO (*nervously sitting down at Rague-  
neau's table, and taking a sheet of paper*).

A pen?

RAGUENEAU (*offering him the one at his ear*).

A swan's quill!

A MUSKETEER (*with tremendous moustache,  
and speaking in stentorian tones, enters*).

Greeting!

(*Lise goes quickly to meet him.*)

CYRANO (*turning*). Who's that?



RAGUENEAU. A great friend of my wife's.  
A terrible warrior, — by what he says!

CYRANO (*taking the pen again and motioning  
to Ragueneau to withdraw*).

Hush! Write, — seal —

(*aside*) — give it to her — and escape.  
(*Throwing away the pen.*)

Coward! May I be hanged if I have courage  
To speak to her a single word, —

(*To Ragueneau.*) The time?

RAGUENEAU. A quarter past.

CYRANO (*tapping his chest*). Of those that  
I have here!

While if I write —

(*Takes up the pen.*) Oh! well, then! let us  
write it!

The letter I have thought out to myself  
A hundred times, so that it now is ready;  
And if I put my soul beside the paper  
I shall need only to recopy it.

(*Writes. Behind the glass doors, thin and hes-  
itating figures are seen moving.*)

#### Scene IV.

Ragueneau, Lise, the Musketeer. Cyrano,  
writing at a little table. The Poets, dressed  
in black, with stockings slipping down and  
covered with mud.

LISE (*entering, to RaguenEAU*).

Here are your scarecrows!

FIRST POET (*entering, to RaguenEAU*). Colleague!

SECOND POET (*same action, shaking his hand*).

Honored colleague!

THIRD POET. Eagle of pastry-cooks!  
(*sniffs*) It smells good here.

FOURTH POET. Phœbus of bakers!

FIFTH POET. Apollo of the oven!

RAGUENEAU (*surrounded, embraced, shaken by the hand*).

How speedily one feels at ease with them!

FIRST POET. The crowd, collected at the  
Porte de Nesle,

Delayed us.

SECOND POET. Eight cut-purses, all a-  
bleeding

With gaping sword-wounds, lay about the  
pavement!

CYRANO (*lifting his head a moment*).

Eight? It was seven, I thought.

(*Returns to his letter*).

RAGUENEAU (*to Cyrano*). Do you then know  
The hero of the battle?

CYRANO (*carelessly*). I? No!

LISE (*to the Musketeer*). And you?



RAGUENEAU (*to the Second Poet*). A recipe  
in verse.

THIRD POET (*taking his place near a platter  
of puffs*). Give us the poem!

FOURTH POET (*looking at a cake he has  
taken*). This cake has put on  
Its cap wrong-side before.

(*Bites off the top.*)

FIRST POET. This spice cake follows  
The starveling rhymester, with its almond eyes,  
And candy eyebrows!

(*Takes the piece of spice-cake.*)

SECOND POET. We are listening.

THIRD POET (*squeezing a cream-puff softly  
between his fingers*).

This cream puff's running over. It is laughing.

SECOND POET (*biting at the great lyre of  
pastry itself*).

For the first time the Lyre gives me food!

RAGUENEAU (*after getting ready to recite,  
coughing, settling his cap, and striking an  
attitude*). A recipe in verse —

SECOND POET (*to the first, nudging him*).

Breakfast?

FIRST POET (*to the second*). No, dinner!

RAGUENEAU. *How to make almond cream  
tarts:*

78      Cyrano de Bergerac.

Beat some eggs till they be light,  
And frothy quite ;  
Then, when light enough they seem,  
From a lemon squeeze the juice  
For your use,  
Then mix in sweet almond cream.

Next with puff-paste, light as air,  
With great care  
Line your moulds up to the top ;  
With skilled fingers shape the paste  
To your taste,  
Pour the cream in drop by drop.

When filled with this frothy mass,  
Let them pass  
To the oven, till they seem  
Brown enough, and you will see  
Merrily  
Emerge the tarts of almond cream.

THE POETS (*their mouths full*).

Charming ! Delicious !

A POET (*choking*).    Humph !

(*They retire into the background, still eating.*)

CYRANO (*who has watched them, goes toward  
Ragueneau*).      Soothed by your voice,

Do you not see the way they stuff themselves ?

RAGUENEAU (*smiling, in a lower voice*).

I see — but do not look, lest it should pain  
them ;

And, so to speak, my verses give to me

A double pleasure, since I satisfy  
 An amiable weakness of my own,  
 The while I feed those who might hungry go!

CYRANO (*tapping him on the shoulder*).

I like you.

(*Ragueneau rejoins his friends, Cyrano follows him with his eyes, and then speaking rather sharply*). Lise, come here!

LISE (*in tender discourse with the Musketeer, gives a start, and comes towards Cyrano*).

This warrior bold

Besieges you?

LISE (*offended*). My eyes, with haughty  
 glance,

Know how to conquer any lover rash  
 Who would assail my virtue.

CYRANO. Eugh! your eyes,  
 For conquerors, seem of a yielding spirit.

LISE (*choking*). But —

CYRANO (*sharply*). Ragueneau's my friend,  
 Dame Lise, and so

I will not see him made a laughing-stock.

LISE. But —

CYRANO (*raising his voice so that the Musketeer may hear him*). To the wise a word —  
 (*Bows to the Musketeer, and takes a post of observation at the door in the background, after having looked at the clock.*)

80      Cyrano de Bergerac.

LISE (*to the Musketeer, who has merely returned Cyrano's bow*). I wonder at you!  
Answer him — on his nose —

THE MUSKETEER.                      On his nose, no!  
(*Withdraws quickly, Lise follows him.*)

CYRANO (*from the door in the background, motioning to Ragueneau to get the poets out of the way*). Pst! —

RAGUENEAU (*showing the poets the door on the right*). We shall find it better —

CYRANO (*growing impatient*). Pst! —

RAGUENEAU (*pulling them along*). To read Poetry —

FIRST POET (*in despair, with his mouth full*). But the cakes!

SECOND POET.                      Take them along.  
(*They all follow Ragueneau out in a procession, after a clean sweep of all the cakes.*)

Scene V.

Cyrano, Roxane, the Duenna.

CYRANO. I'll use the letter if I think there be  
The smallest hope —

(*Roxane appears behind the glass door, masked and followed by the duenna. Cyrano opens the door quickly.*) Come in!

(*Walking up to the duenna.*) A word with you!

Cyrano de Bergerac. 81

THE DUENNA. Two.

CYRANO. Are you fond of sweets?

THE DUENNA. To make me sick.

CYRANO (*quickly taking some of the paper bags from the counter*).

Here are two sonnets Benserade has written —

THE DUENNA. Pooh!

CYRANO. Which I'll fill with wine-cakes.

THE DUENNA (*changing her expression*).  
Oh!

CYRANO. You like  
These cream puffs also?

THE DUENNA. Oh, I dote upon them!

CYRANO. Six of them I will put within the  
bosom

Of a poem by Saint-Amant! In these verses  
Of Chapelain, I'll put a piece of sponge  
cake, —

You like fresh cakes, then?

THE DUENNA. Oh! I love them madly!

CYRANO (*filling her arms with the bags of cakes*).

Be kind enough to eat all these outside.

THE DUENNA. But —

CYRANO (*pushing her out*). Come not back  
till you have finished them!

(*Closes the door, comes back to Roxane, and stops, uncovered, at a respectful distance.*)



Scene VI.

Cyrano, Roxane; for a moment, the Duenna.

CYRANO. Now let this moment be most  
blest of all,

When, ceasing to forget I humbly breathe,  
You come to say to me — to say to me —

ROXANE (*after having unmasked*).

To thank you first, because the knavish dolt  
Whom you put to the laugh, with your good  
sword,

Is he whom a great lord — in love with me —

CYRANO. De Guiche!

ROXANE (*lowering her eyes*) — has tried to  
give me — for a husband.

CYRANO. So-called?

(*Bowing.*) Then I have fought, and better so,  
For your bright eyes, not for my ugly nose.

ROXANE. And then — I wished — but to  
make this avowal

I needs must see in you the — almost brother,  
With whom I played, in the park, by the lake!

CYRANO. Yes; you came every year to  
Bergerac.

ROXANE. The reeds then furnished you  
with wood for swords.

CYRANO. And the corn, yellow hair to deck  
your dolls.

ROXANE. Those were the days of games —

CYRANO. — of berry-picking —

ROXANE. The days when you did all things  
that I wished!

CYRANO. Roxane, in dresses short, was  
called Madeleine.

ROXANE. And I was pretty then?

CYRANO. You were not ugly.

ROXANE. Sometimes, when you had cut  
your hand in climbing

You ran to me; then I would play the mother,  
And say with voice that tried hard to be stern  
(*takes his hand*),

“What is this scratch now?”

(*Stops in amazement.*) Ah, too bad! And this?  
(*Cyrano tries to draw back his hand.*)

No! Show it to me! What? At your age,  
still?

How came it?

CYRANO. Playing, at the Porte de Nesle.

ROXANE (*sitting at a table and dipping her  
handkerchief in a glass of water*).

Come!

CYRANO (*also sitting down*). Like a fond  
and happy little mother!

ROXANE. And tell me, while I wipe away  
the blood,

How many were there?



CYRANO. Ah!

ROXANE (*smiling*).

In your own company he's a cadet!

CYRANO. Ah!

ROXANE. His forehead shows his genius  
and his wit,

He's young, proud, noble, brave, and fair —

CYRANO (*getting up, very pale*). What, fair?

ROXANE. Why, what's the matter?

CYRANO. Nothing — 'tis —  
(*with a smile, showing his hand*) — this  
wound.

ROXANE. In fine, I love him. I must tell  
you, too,

That I have seen him only at the play —

CYRANO. You have not spoken?

ROXANE. Only with our eyes.

CYRANO. How do you know him then?

ROXANE. Under the lindens,

In the Place Royale, there is talk; and gossip  
Has told me —

CYRANO. He is a cadet?

ROXANE. He is.

He's in the Guards.

CYRANO. His name?

ROXANE. The Baron Christian

De Neuville —

CYRANO. What? He's not in the Guards.

86           Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. Yes, since this morning, under  
    Captain Carbon  
De Castel-Jaloux.

CYRANO.           Ah! how quick is love!  
But my poor child —

THE DUENNA (*opening the door in the back-ground*).           Monsieur de Bergerac,  
I've finished all the cakes.

CYRANO.           Well, read the verses  
Upon the bags. (*The duenna disappears.*)

                    My poor child, you who love  
Keen wit and courtly speech, if he should be  
A man unlearned, unpolished, in the rough!

ROXANE. No, he has hair like one of d'Urfé's  
    heroes!

CYRANO. His speech may lack the grace his  
    hair displays!

ROXANE. No, every word he speaks I know  
    is brilliant.

CYRANO. Yes, words are brilliant from a  
    fair moustache;  
But if he were a dolt! —

ROXANE (*tapping with her foot*). Then I  
    should die!

CYRANO (*after a pause*).  
So you have brought me here to tell me  
    that.

I cannot see the good of it, Madame!

ROXANE. Ah! yesterday I had a deadly  
shock, —

I heard that you are Gascons, every one,  
All of your company —

CYRANO. And that we pick  
Quarrels with all recruits, who by mere favor  
Gain entrance to our ranks of Gascon blood,  
And are not Gascons? That is what you  
heard?

ROXANE. Think how I trembled for him!

CYRANO (*between his teeth*). With good  
reason!

ROXANE. But yesterday when you appeared  
to us

So mighty and so brave, holding your own  
Against the rabble, punishing that knave,  
I thought — if he but would, whom all men  
fear —

CYRANO. 'Tis well, I will protect your  
little baron.

ROXANE. Ah, then you will protect him  
well for me?

I've always had so warm a friendship for you!

CYRANO. Yes, yes.

ROXANE. You'll be his friend?

CYRANO. I'll be his friend.

ROXANE. And he shall fight no duels?

CYRANO. On my oath!

88           Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. I am so fond of you! Now I  
must go.

*(Quickly puts on her mask, and a bit of lace  
over her head, and absent-mindedly.)*

But you have not yet told me of the battle  
Last night. It must have been a mighty feat —  
Tell him to write.

*(Throws him a little kiss with her fingers.)*

I am so fond of you!

CYRANO. Yes, yes.

ROXANE. Five score against you?

Well, good-by,

We are great friends?

CYRANO. Yes, yes.

ROXANE. Tell him to write.

A hundred! You will tell me later. Now  
I cannot stay. A hundred! Oh! what cour-  
age!

CYRANO *(bowing to her)*. I have done better  
since.

*(Exit Roxane. Cyrano remains motionless,  
his eyes fixed on the ground. Silence for  
a time. The door on the right opens and  
Ragueneau's head appears.)*

Scene VII.

CYRANO, RAGUENEAU, the Poets, Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, the Cadets, the Crowd, etc., afterwards De Guiche.

RAGUENEAU. May we come back?

CYRANO (*without moving*). Yes.

(*Ragueneau gives the signal and his friends come back. At the same time, at the door in the background, Carbon de Castel-Jaloux appears, in his uniform as Captain of the Guards, making sweeping gestures as he perceives Cyrano.*)

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. There he is now!

CYRANO (*raising his head*). Captain!

CARBON (*in exultation*). Our hero!

We know the story! Thirty of my men  
Are waiting —

CYRANO (*drawing back*). But —

CARBON (*trying to draw him along*). Come now! They wish to see you.

CYRANO. No!

CARBON. They're drinking at the tavern opposite.

CYRANO. I —

CARBON (*going back to the door, and calling behind the scenes in a thundering voice*). He refuses. He's in an ill humor!





CYRANO (*in alarm*).

You did not tell them where I am?

LE BRET (*rubbing his hands*). I did!

A TRADESMAN (*entering, followed by a crowd*).

Monsieur, the whole Marais is coming hither!  
(*The street outside is full of people. Carriages and sedan chairs block the way.*)

LE BRET (*aside, with a smile, to Cyrano*).

And Roxane?

CYRANO (*brusquely*). Hush!

THE CROWD (*shouting without*). Cyrano!  
(*A mob bursts into the cook-shop. Confusion and shouting.*)

RAGUENEAU (*standing on a table*). In they swarm!

They're breaking everything! 'Tis glorious!

PEOPLE (*surrounding Cyrano*).

My friend! My friend!

CYRANO. I had not yesterday

So many friends!

LE BRET (*delighted*). Success!

A LITTLE MARQUIS (*running up with outstretched hands*). If thou didst know —

CYRANO. If thou? — if thou? — Now what have we in common?

ANOTHER MARQUIS. Monsieur, may I present you to some ladies

Who are waiting in my carriage?

92      Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*coldly*).                      Who will first  
Present you to me.

LE BRET (*in amazement*).      What's the  
matter?

CYRANO.                                      Hush!

A MAN OF LETTERS (*with a writing-case*).

May I have the details? —

CYRANO.                                      No!

LE BRET (*nudging him*).              The inventor  
Of the "Gazette"—Théophraste Renaudot!

CYRANO.      No matter!

LE BRET.      'Tis the sheet that tells so much.  
They say this new idea has a great future.

A POET (*coming forward*).      Monsieur —

CYRANO.                                      Another!

THE POET.                                  I should like to make  
A pentacrostic on your name —

A MAN (*also advancing*).              Monsieur —

CYRANO.      Enough!

(*A movement in the crowd. People take their  
places. De Guiche appears, escorted by  
officers. Enter Cuigy, Brissaille, and the  
other officers who started with Cyrano at  
the end of the First Act. Cuigy approaches  
Cyrano rapidly.*)

CUIGY (*to Cyrano*).      Monsieur de Guiche!  
(*Murmuring. All take position.*) He repre-  
sents

Marshal de Gassion!

Cyrano de Bergerac. 93

DE GUICHE (*bowing to Cyrano*). Who sends  
to you

His compliments upon your latest feat,  
The news of which has reached him.

THE CROWD. Bravo! Bravo!

CYRANO (*with a bow*). The Marshal is ex-  
pert in daring deeds.

DE GUICHE. He would have disbelieved,  
save on the oath  
Of these who saw it.

CUIGY. With our very eyes!

LE BRET (*aside, to Cyrano, who seems ab-  
sent-minded*). But —

CYRANO. Hush!

LE BRET. You seem in pain!

CYRANO (*with a start, and quickly drawing  
himself up*). Before this crowd?  
(*His moustache bristles; he throws out his  
chest.*) I seem in pain? — You'll see!

DE GUICHE (*to whom Cuigy has been  
whispering*). Your life already  
Is full of doughty deeds. With these mad  
Gascons

You're serving, are you not?

CYRANO. With the Cadets.

A CADET (*with stentorian voice*). With us!

DE GUICHE (*looking at the Gascons, stand-  
ing in line behind Cyrano*). Ah! Ah!



Where quarrels start at fastest rate,  
 These are the places where they meet.  
 Friends Belly-thrust and Break-your-pate.  
 Such are their nicknames soft and sweet!

See the cadets of Gascony,  
 Who plant horns on the husband's brow!  
 Oh, woman, loved so tenderly,  
 See the cadets of Gascony!  
 Let husbands old frown angrily,  
 Let cuckoos sing from every bough!  
 See the cadets of Gascony,  
 Who plant horns on the husband's brow!

DE GUICHE (*carelessly seated in an arm-chair which Ragueneau has quickly brought him*).

A poet is a modern luxury,  
 Will you belong to me?

CYRANO. No, sir, to no one.

DE GUICHE. Your dash amused my uncle  
 Richelieu

Yesterday. I would help you with him.

LE BRET (*dazzled*). Lord!

DE GUICHE. I take it you have done a  
 play in verse!

LE BRET (*whispering to Cyrano*).

You'll get your "Agrippina" played, my  
 friend.

DE GUICHE. Take it to him.

96      Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*tempted and rather pleased*). Well—

DE GUICHE.                      He is most expert.  
He'll only change a line or two of yours!

CYRANO (*whose face has immediately flushed*).  
Impossible, Monsieur; my blood runs cold,  
To think of changing even one small comma.

DE GUICHE. But when he likes a verse,  
my friend, he pays,  
And pays right dear.

CYRANO.                      He pays for it less dear  
Than I do, when I've made a verse I like;  
I pay for it, singing it to myself.

DE GUICHE. You're proud.

CYRANO. Ah! really, you have noticed it?  
A CADET (*entering with a collection of shabby  
hats spitted on his sword, their plumes be-  
draggled and holes through the brims*).

Look, Cyrano! this morning on the quay,  
What strangely feathered game we gathered in;  
The hats left in the rout—

CARBON.                      The spoils of war!

EVERY ONE (*laughing*). Ha! ha!

CUIGY.                      Whoever set this band of cut-  
throats  
Is in a rage to-day.

BRISSAILLE.                      Is it known who?

DE GUICHE. 'Twas I! (*The laughter ceases.*)  
I charged them to chastise — a task

Cyrano de Bergerac. 97

One does not do one's self — a drunken rhymester.

(*A constrained silence.*)

THE CADET (*in an undertone to Cyrano, showing him the hats*).

What shall we make of them? A stew?  
They're greasy.

CYRANO (*taking the sword upon which they are impaled, salutes, and lets them all slip off at De Guiche's feet*).

Monsieur, will you return them to your friends?

DE GUICHE (*rising, in a peremptory tone*).

My bearers and my chair, at once, — I go.

(*To Cyrano angrily.*)

You, sir! —

A VOICE (*in the street, shouting*).

The bearers of my lord the Comte de Guiche!

DE GUICHE (*regaining his self-control, with a smile*). Have you read "Don Quixote"?

CYRANO. Yes,

And at this crack-brain's name I doff my hat.

DE GUICHE. Bethink yourself upon —

A BEARER (*appearing in the background*).

The chair is here.

DE GUICHE. The chapter of the windmills!



CYRANO (*bowing*).                      The thirteenth.

DE GUICHE. When one attacks them, it  
will oft befall —

CYRANO. Then I attack folk turned by  
every wind?

DE GUICHE. That while their sails in cir-  
cles sweep about

They'll land you in the mud!

CYRANO.                                      Or in the stars!

(*Exit De Guiche. He is seen getting into his  
chair. The gentlemen of his escort with-  
draw whispering together. Le Bret accom-  
panies them to the door. The crowd de-  
parts.*)

### Scene VIII.

Cyrano, Le Bret, the Cadets, the latter seated  
at Tables to the Right and Left, and being  
served with Food and Drink.

CYRANO (*bowing to them mockingly as they  
go out without daring to bow to him*).

Gentlemen! Gentlemen —

LE BRET (*returning in despair, throwing up  
his arms*). What a misfortune!

CYRANO. Oh, you! you'll scold!

LE BRET.                      You surely must admit  
Murdering every passing chance becomes  
Exaggerated.

CYRANO. Well, I exaggerate.

LE BRET (*in triumph*). Ah!

CYRANO. But upon principle, and as a  
practice,  
I find it well thus to exaggerate.

LE BRET. If you would lay aside your  
guardsman's spirit,  
Fortune and glory —

CYRANO. And what must I do?  
Seek some protector strong, get me a patron,  
And like some humble vine, that twines a  
trunk,

Upheld by it, the while it strips its bark,  
Climb by mere artifice, not rise by strength?

No, thank you. Dedicate, as others do,  
Verses to bankers? Make myself a clown

In hopes of seeing on a statesman's lips  
A friendly smile appear? I thank you, no!  
Shall I be a toad-eater all my days?

My waist worn out by bending, and my skin  
Grown quickly soiled in the region of my  
knees?

Or shall I show how limber is my back? —  
No, thank you! On both shoulders carry  
water,

And sit the fence a-straddle, while I flatter  
Each to his face, and feather my own nest?  
No, thank you! Raise myself from step to step,

Become the little great man of a clique,  
 And steer my boat, with madrigals for oars,  
 And sighs of ancient dames to fill my sails?  
 No, thank you! Pay the editor De Sercy,  
 For publishing my poems? No, I thank you!  
 Or shall I have myself proclaimed as pope  
 By councils held in drinking-shops by fools?  
 No, thank you! Shall I make a reputation  
 Upon one sonnet, rather than write others?  
 Find talent only in the commonplace?  
 Be constantly in fear of errant sheets,  
 And always say: "Oh, let my name be seen  
 Upon the pages of the 'Mercure François'?"  
 No, thank you! Plan, be pale, and be afraid,  
 And make a call rather than write a poem,  
 Prepare petitions, have myself presented?  
 No, thank you! No, I thank you! No! But —  
     sing,  
 Dream, laugh, and go about, alone and free,  
 Have eyes that see things clear, and voice that  
     rings,  
 And, if you like, wear your hat wrong side  
     front;  
 Fight for a yes or no — or make a poem;  
 Work without thought of fortune or of glory;  
 Fly to the moon in fancy, if you wish!  
 Write not a word that comes not from your  
     heart,

And still be modest; tell yourself, "My child,  
Content yourself with flowers and fruits, —  
with leaves, —

If you have gathered them in your own  
garden!"

Then, if by chance you gain some small  
success,

No tribute money need you pay to Cæsar,  
And all the honor is your very own.

In short, scorning to be the clinging vine,  
When you are neither oak nor linden tree,  
Mount not so high perhaps, but all alone!

LE BRET. Alone, so be it! But not one  
against all!

How did you get this mad idea of yours  
Of making enemies where'er you go?

CYRANO. From seeing you making so many  
friends,

And smiling at these crowds of friends you  
make

With lips pursed up and wrinkled! I prefer  
To have few bows to make when I go forth,  
And gladly shout, "Another enemy!"

LE BRET. But this is madness!

CYRANO. Well, yes, 'tis my weakness.  
To displease is my pleasure. Hate I love.  
My friend, if you but knew how light one  
walks

Under the fusillade of hostile eyes ;  
 What pleasant little spots upon one's doublet  
 Are made by envy's gall and cowards' spit-  
 tle ! —

But the soft friendship you wrap round your-  
 self

Is like those great Italian collars, floating,  
 And made of openwork, in which one's neck  
 Grows soft like to a woman's : wearing them  
 One feels at ease — but holds his head less  
 high ;

For, having neither order nor support,  
 It weakly rolls about on every side.

While, as for me, Hate sheathes me every day,  
 Gives me a ruff that holds my head erect.

Every new enemy is another pleat,  
 A new constraint, and one more ray of glory,  
 For, like in all points to the Spanish ruff,  
 Hate is at once a collar and a halo !

LE BRET (*after a pause, putting his arm  
 through Cyrano's*).

Be proud and bitter to the world, but softly  
 Tell me quite simply that she loves thee not.

CYRANO (*sharply*). Hush !

(*After a moment Christian enters and joins the  
 Cadets. They do not speak to him ; at last  
 he sits down at a small table, where Lise  
 waits on him.*

Scene IX.

Cyrano, Le Bret, the Cadets, Christian de  
Neuvillette.

A CADET (*seated at a table in the background,  
glass in hand*). Cyrano!  
(*Cyrano turns.*) The story?

CYRANO. In a moment.  
(*Withdraws on Le Bret's arm. They talk in  
undertones.*)

THE CADET (*rising and coming forward*).  
The story of the fight! 'Twill be a lesson—  
(*stops before the table where Christian is  
seated*)

—For this untried recruit.

CHRISTIAN (*raising his head*). Untried re-  
cruit?

ANOTHER CADET. Yes, northern weakling!

CHRISTIAN. Weakling, did you say?

FIRST CADET (*mockingly*).

Monsieur de Neuvillette, learn this one thing:  
There is one object which we do not mention  
More than the rope in the household of one  
hanged.

CHRISTIAN. And what is that?

ANOTHER CADET (*in an impressive voice*).  
Behold me!



CARBON (*turning and looking him over*).  
Monsieur?

CHRISTIAN. What is the thing to do,  
When Southrons are too boastful?

CARBON. Prove to them  
One can be from the North, and brave.  
(*Turns his back on him.*)

CHRISTIAN. I thank you.

FIRST CADET (*to Cyrano*). Your story now!

ALL. His story!

CYRANO (*coming forward towards them*).  
What, my story?

(*All draw their benches towards him, and form  
a group, craning their necks. Christian  
straddles a chair.*)

Well: I was marching all alone, to meet  
them,

The moon shone in the sky like a great watch,  
When suddenly some watchmaker, with care,  
Starting to draw a piece of cloudy cotton  
Across the silver case of this round watch,  
The night became the blackest ever seen;  
And as there are no lights upon the quays,  
Good Lord! you could not see beyond —

CHRISTIAN. Your nose?  
(*Silence. Every one rises slowly. They look  
at Cyrano in terror. He breaks off in  
amazement. A pause.*)



106      Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. Who is that man there?

A CADET (*in an undertone*). He's a man  
who came .

This morning.

CYRANO (*taking a step towards Christian*).

Did you say this morning?

CARBON (*in an undertone*).                      Named

Baron de Neuville —

CYRANO (*quickly stopping*). Ah, 'tis well —

(*Turns pale, then red, and makes another  
movement as if to fling himself upon  
Christian.*)    I —

(*Then regains his composure and says in a  
quiet voice.*)    Well —

(*Begins again.*)

As I was saying —

(*With a burst of anger in his voice.*) God —

(*Continues in a natural tone.*)      — you could  
not see.

(*Amazement. They take their seats, watching  
him.*)

And so I went, thinking that for a beggar  
I was about to offend some mighty prince,  
Who surely would bear me a bitter grudge;  
In short, that rashly and without concern,  
I was about to thrust —

CHRISTIAN.                      Your nose?

CYRANO.    — my fingers

Between the bark and tree, since this great man  
Might well be strong enough to deal a blow  
Upon —

CHRISTIAN. Your nose?

CYRANO (*wiping the sweat from his face*).

— upon my meddling fingers.

But then I added: "Gascon, do your duty!  
Cyrano, march!" Then, onward in the dark,  
I go and feel —

CHRISTIAN. A fillip on the nose?

CYRANO. I parry. Suddenly I find my-  
self —

CHRISTIAN. Nose against nose —

CYRANO (*leaping at him*). Damnation!

(*All the Gascons rush forward to see; when  
Cyrano reaches Christian he regains his  
self-control and continues.*)

With a hundred

Roistering ruffians, stinking —

CHRISTIAN. 'Neath your nose —

CYRANO (*pale and smiling*).

— With sour wine and onions! Then I rush  
Head down —

CHRISTIAN. Nose on the scent —

CYRANO. And so I charge:

Two I rip up! I run another through!

The some one lunges — Paf! I answer —

CHRISTIAN. Pif!

108      *Cyrano de Bergerac.*

CYRANO (*exploding*).

The devil! Out with you!

(*All the Cadets rush towards the doors.*)

FIRST CADET.                      The tiger wakes!

CYRANO. Every one! With this man leave  
me alone!

SECOND CADET. We'll find him cut in  
mincemeat!

RAGUENEAU.                      What, in mincemeat?

ANOTHER CADET. Filling one of your pat-  
ties!

RAGUENEAU. I grow pale  
And limp as any napkin.

CARBON.                              Let us go!

ANOTHER. He will not leave a single mor-  
sel of him!

ANOTHER. I die of fright thinking what  
will befall!

ANOTHER (*closing the door on the right*).

Something most terrible!

(*They all go out, some by the rear, some by the  
sides, some by the stairway. Cyrano  
and Christian remain face to face, and  
look at each other for a moment.*)

**Scene X.**

Cyrano, Christian.

CYRANO.                              Give me your hand!

CHRISTIAN. Monsieur —

CYRANO. Brave man!

CHRISTIAN. But —

CYRANO. Very brave; I like it!

CHRISTIAN. But tell me? —

CYRANO. Come, your hand, I am her  
brother.

CHRISTIAN. Whose?

CYRANO. Hers!

CHRISTIAN. What?

CYRANO. Roxane's!

CHRISTIAN (*rushing to him*). Heavens!  
You? Her brother?

CYRANO. Yes; or almost: a cousin like a  
brother.

CHRISTIAN. She's told you? —

CYRANO. All!

CHRISTIAN. She loves me?

CYRANO. That may be.

CHRISTIAN (*taking his hand*).

Monsieur, I am so happy to have met you?

CYRANO. This is what might be called a  
sudden friendship.

CHRISTIAN. Forgive me —

CYRANO (*looking at him and laying his hand  
on his shoulder*). True, he is a handsome  
rascal!

CHRISTIAN. If you knew, sir, how I ad-  
mire you.



Cyrano de Bergerac. III

CHRISTIAN. Oh, for the power to speak  
one's thoughts with grace!

CYRANO. To walk about, a handsome  
musketeer!

CHRISTIAN. Roxane is learnèd, I shall  
surely kill

All her illusions!

CYRANO. If I only had  
Such an interpreter to speak my soul!

CHRISTIAN (*in despair*).

I need fair words.

CYRANO (*abruptly*). And I will lend them  
to you!

And you lend me your conquering comeliness;  
And so combined together let us make  
A hero of romance!

CHRISTIAN. What?

CYRANO. You could learn  
To speak the words I'll teach you —

CHRISTIAN. You suggest? —

CYRANO. Roxane shall never lose her fond  
illusions!

Together let us win her, say you so?  
And shall I breathe in you my very soul,  
From my buff jerkin to your broidered  
doublet? —

CHRISTIAN. But, Cyrano! —

CYRANO. You will?



CHRISTIAN. You —

CYRANO. We always have them  
With us : letters to Chloris — in our minds ;  
For we are such as have for sweethearts only  
Dreams breathed into the bubble of a name.  
Take it, and change these fancies into facts, —  
I shot at random these pleas, these avowals, —  
And all these fitting birds you'll bring to perch !  
You'll see that in this letter I was — take it ! —  
As eloquent as I was insincere !  
Take it, and end the talk !

CHRISTIAN. Will not some words  
Need to be changed. Written thus at a vent-  
ure,  
Will it fit Roxane ?

CYRANO. 'Twill fit her like a glove.

CHRISTIAN. But —

CYRANO. Self-conceit so well deceives itself,  
Roxane will think 'twas written all for her !

CHRISTIAN. My friend !  
*(Throws himself into Cyrano's arms. They  
stand embracing each other.)*

### Scene XI.

Cyrano, Christian, the Gascons, the Muske-  
teer, Lise.

A CADET *(partly opening the door)*.

No word. The silence of the grave.



114      Cyrano de Bergerac.

I dare not look —

*(Puts his head in.)* What?

ALL THE CADETS *(entering and seeing Cyrano and Christian embracing).*

Ah! Oh!

A CADET.

What is this?

*(General surprise.)*

THE MUSKETEER *(mockingly).* Well?

CARBON. Mild as a saint our demon has become?

Smitten upon one cheek he turns the other?

THE MUSKETEER. Now you may speak to him about his nose.

*(Triumphantly calling Lise.)*

Oh! Lise. You'll see!

*(Pretending to be smelling the air.)*

Oh! Oh! It is surprising!

This odor!

*(Approaching Cyrano.)* Sir, have you not noticed it?

What does it smell of here?

CYRANO *(boxing his ears).* I think a nose-gay!

*(Rejoicing. The Cadets find that Cyrano is unchanged. They turn somersaults.)*

**CURTAIN.**

Cyrano do Bergerac. 127

May not disturb their discourse — wicked child !  
(*Raises it with infinite care and raps softly.*)

ROXANE (*seeing the door open*).

Let us go in !

(*From the threshold, to Cyrano.*) Let Christian  
wait for me,

If he comes here, as I suppose he will.

CYRANO (*quickly, as she is about to disappear*). Ah !

(*She turns back.*) On what do you intend to  
question him,

To-day, after your habit ?

ROXANE. On —

CYRANO (*quickly*). On what ?

ROXANE. But you'll be silent on it !

CYRANO. Like a wall.

ROXANE. On nothing ! — I shall tell him,  
“ Loose the reins !

Improvise ; talk of love. Be glorious ! ”

CYRANO (*smiling*). Good !

ROXANE. Hush !

CYRANO. Hush !

ROXANE. Not a word !

(*Goes in and shuts the door.*)

CYRANO (*bowing to her, after the door is  
shut*). Accept my thanks !

(*The door opens again and Roxane puts out  
her head.*)

128      Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. He would prepare himself —

CYRANO. Oh, no!

BOTH TOGETHER. Hush! —

(*The door closes.*)

CYRANO (*calling*). Christian!

Scene IV.

Cyrano, Christian.

CYRANO. I know just what is needed.

Give good heed,

This is your chance for glory. Lose no time,

Make no objections. Quickly let us go

To where you lodge. And I will teach you —

CHRISTIAN. No!

CYRANO. What?

CHRISTIAN. No, I wait for Roxane here.

CYRANO. What madness

Has seized upon you? Come and quickly  
learn —

CHRISTIAN. I tell you no! I'm sick of  
borrowing

Letters and speeches, playing this timid part.

'Twas good at first! But now I feel she  
loves me!

Thanks, I am not afraid, I'll speak myself.

CYRANO. Ah!

CHRISTIAN. And who will say that I shall  
not know how?

(*A sound of stringed instruments is heard approaching.*)

CYRANO'S VOICE (*singing in the wings*).

La, la! la, la!

THE DUENNA (*surprised*). They're playing  
a piece for us!

CYRANO (*followed by two Pages carrying lutes*).

That note's a demi-semi-quaver, fool!

FIRST PAGE (*ironically*).

You know what is a demi-semi-quaver?

CYRANO. I'm a musician, like all Gassendi's  
pupils!

THE PAGE (*playing and singing*).

La, la!

CYRANO (*snatching away the lute and continuing the bar*). I can go on — La, la!  
La, la!

ROXANE (*appearing on the balcony*).

'T is you.

CYRANO (*going on with the air, and singing*).

'T is I — come to salute your lilies,  
And to pay my respects unto your roses!

ROXANE. I'm coming down (*leaves the balcony*).

THE DUENNA (*indicating the Pages*).

Who are these *virtuosi*?

CYRANO. It is a bet I won from D'Assoucy.



Cyrano de Bergerac. 131

CHRISTIAN (*quickly, holding her back*). I love you not!

ROXANE (*sitting down again*).

'Tis fortunate!

CHRISTIAN. I worship you!

ROXANE (*getting up and going away*). Oh.

CHRISTIAN. Yes!

I grow a fool.

ROXANE (*drily*). And that displeases me, just as it would if you should ugly grow.

CHRISTIAN. But—

ROXANE. Gather up your scattered eloquence.

CHRISTIAN. I—

ROXANE. I know; you love me. Good-bye.

CHRISTIAN. Not at once!

I'll tell you—

ROXANE (*opening the door to go in*). That you worship me—I know.

No! go away!

CHRISTIAN. But I—

(*She shuts the door in his face.*)

CYRANO (*who has come in unperceived a moment before*). 'Tis a success!

**Scene VI.**

Christian, Cyrano; the Pages, for a moment.

CHRISTIAN.      Help!

CYRANO.            No, Sir!

CHRISTIAN.      I shall die unless at once  
I win her smiles again —

CYRANO.                      And how the devil  
Can I teach you to do it on the spot?

CHRISTIAN (*seizing his arm*).

Oh! come now, see!

(*The window of the balcony is lighted up.*)

CYRANO (*with emotion*). Her window!

CHRISTIAN.                      I shall die!

CYRANO. Lower your voice.

CHRISTIAN (*in very low voice*). Shall die —

CYRANO.                      The night is dark —

CHRISTIAN. Well?

CYRANO. It may be helped, though you do  
not deserve it.

Take your position there, unhappy wight!  
Before the balcony! I shall stand beneath  
And prompt you with your words.

CHRISTIAN.                      But —

CYRANO.                      Hold your tongue.

THE PAGES (*reappearing in the background,  
to Cyrano*). Holloa!

CYRANO. Hush! —  
(*Signals to them to speak low*).

FIRST PAGE (*in a low voice*). We've just  
given Montfleury  
His serenade —

CYRANO (*aside, quickly*). Go, put yourselves  
in ambush.  
One at this end the street, the other there,  
And if some inconvenient passer comes  
Then play a tune.

SECOND PAGE. What tune, Gassendi's  
pupil?

CYRANO. Gay for a woman, mournful for  
a man.

(*The pages disappear, one at each end of the  
street. To Christian.*)

Call her!

CHRISTIAN. Roxane!

CYRANO (*picking up some pebbles and throw-  
ing them at the panes*).

Wait till I throw a pebble.

ROXANE (*half opening the window*).  
Who calls me?

CHRISTIAN. I.

ROXANE. Who?

CHRISTIAN. Christian.

ROXANE (*with disdain*). Is it you?

CHRISTIAN. I would speak with you.



134      *Cyrano de Bergerac.*

CYRANO (*under the balcony*). Good! Good!  
Almost whisper.

ROXANE. Oh, no! You speak too ill. Be-  
gone!

CHRISTIAN. I beg you! —

ROXANE. No, you love me no longer.

CHRISTIAN. (*Cyrano prompting him.*) What  
a charge! — Ye gods! — to love no more  
— when — I love most!

ROXANE (*stopping, as she was about to close  
the window*). That's better!

CHRISTIAN (*same action*). Love grows —  
cradled in my soul —

My troubled soul — the which this cruel babe  
Has taken for his cot.

ROXANE (*coming out on the balcony*). That's  
better now!

But since this love is cruel, you were foolish  
That in his cot you did not smother him.

CHRISTIAN (*same action*).

That did I try — but the attempt was vain;  
This new-born babe — is a little — Hercules.

ROXANE. That's better!

CHRISTIAN (*same action*). So that in a  
trice — he strangled  
The serpents — Pride and — Doubt.

ROXANE (*leaning on the balcony rail*). That's  
very good.

But why with halting accents do you speak?  
Your fancy's lame?

CYRANO (*pulling Christian under the balcony  
and gliding into his place*). Hush! This  
becomes too hard.

ROXANE. To-day your words are faltering.  
Why is this?

CYRANO (*talking in an undertone, like Chris-  
tian*).

Because it now is night; and in the dark  
They grope about, striving to find your ear.

ROXANE. But mine encounter no such ob-  
stacles.

CYRANO. They find their way at once?  
That is not strange,

Because 'tis in my heart that I receive them —  
My heart is large — your ear is wondrous  
small.

Besides, your words descend; their pace is  
swift,

While mine must climb, Madame, a longer  
task.

ROXANE. But they climb better in these  
last few moments.

CYRANO. As they have practised, they  
have learned the way.

ROXANE. Truly, 'tis from a height I speak  
to you.

136      Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. And you would kill me, if you  
should let fall  
From such a height, a hard word on my  
heart.

ROXANE (*with a motion*). I'm coming down.

CYRANO (*quickly*). No!

ROXANE (*showing him the bench which is  
under the balcony.*)

Climb upon the bench.

Quickly!

CYRANO (*drawing back with alarm into the  
darkness.*) No!

ROXANE. What? — No?

CYRANO (*his feelings gaining on him more  
and more.*)

For a moment let me  
Improve this chance which offers — to be able  
To talk in accents soft, but not to see.

ROXANE. But not to see?

CYRANO. Yes, 'tis a sheer delight;  
We guess at one another in the dark,  
You see the blackness of a trailing cloak,  
I see the whiteness of a summer robe,  
And I am but a shadow, you a radiance.  
You know not what these moments mean for  
me!

If ever I was eloquent —

ROXANE.

You were!

Cyrano de Bergerac. 137

CYRANO. Until this hour my words have  
never come

From my own heart—

ROXANE. Why?

CYRANO. Because, until now

I spoke through—

ROXANE. What?

CYRANO. — the dizziness where  
swims

Whome'er you look on— But to-night it  
seems

That for the first time I shall speak to you.

ROXANE. 'T is true that you have quite  
another voice.

CYRANO (*drawing near, feverishly*).

Yes, quite another, for in the sheltering night  
I dare at last to be myself — I dare —

(*Stops, and in bewilderment.*)

What was I saying — I know not — All of  
this —

Forgive my mounting passion — is so sweet —  
And is so new for me.

ROXANE. So new?

CYRANO (*distracted and still trying to take  
back his words*). So new —

— Why, yes! — to be sincere — without con-  
straint,

The fear of being mocked has wrung my heart.

ROXANE.    Mocked about what?

CYRANO.    Oh — but — about my ardor —  
My heart for shame has ever clothed itself  
With wit as with a garment. I start forth  
To snatch a star from out the sky, — I stop  
In fear of ridicule, — and pluck a flower.

ROXANE.    The flower has charms.

CYRANO.    This evening let us scorn it.

ROXANE.    You never yet have talked to me  
like this!

CYRANO.    Oh! far removed from Cupid's  
enginery

'Tis pleasant to escape to greener things.  
Instead of drinking from a golden thimble  
Inspid syrups, slowly, drop by drop,  
Shall we not let the soul allay its thirst  
By drinking freely from the river's flood?

ROXANE.    But your wit?

CYRANO.    I used to make you stay.  
But now to speak with a court poet's phrases  
Would be to affront this night, these odors  
sweet,  
This magic hour, and even Nature's self.  
Let Heaven, with one glance of her gleaming  
stars,

Take away all our wonted artifice;  
I fear, lest in our subtle alchemy  
The heart's true feeling may go up in smoke,

The soul may spend itself in empty play,  
And e'en refinement be refined to naught.

ROXANE. But your wit?

CYRANO. I hate, when it plays with love.  
For when one truly loves, it is a crime  
Too long to thrust and parry. The moment  
comes —

And those to whom it never comes I pity —  
When in our hearts we feel a noble passion  
Saddened by every clever phrase we turn.

ROXANE. If to us two this moment now has  
come,

What words will you speak to me?

CYRANO. Every word  
That rises to my lips. I'll cast them all  
Before you in a heap, with no arrangement —  
I love you — I am smothered — I am mad —  
I love you — I am faint — it is too much;  
Your name hangs in my heart like a bell's  
tongue,

And evermore, Roxane, with love I tremble,  
And the bell swings, and then your name rings  
out.

And everything you do lives in my heart;  
Last year there was one day I well remember,  
The tenth of May, one morn you dressed your  
hair

So that its radiance burnt into my soul;



Cyrano de Bergerac. 141

Of thy sweet hand descend the jasmine branch.  
(*Madly kisses the end of a hanging branch.*)

ROXANE. I tremble, I weep, I love thee, I  
am thine —

Aye, drunk with love!

CYRANO. Then let death come at once.  
Since it is I who mixed the cup for thee!

I ask but one thing more —

CHRISTIAN (*under the balcony*). A kiss!

ROXANE (*drawing back*). What?

CYRANO. Oh!

ROXANE. You're asking?

CYRANO. Yes — I —

(*To Christian, aside.*) You go far too fast!

CHRISTIAN. Since she is moved, I must  
improve my chance!

CYRANO (*to Roxane*).

Yes, I — I asked, 'tis true, but, gracious  
heavens!

I understand, I was too bold by far.

ROXANE (*somewhat disappointed*).

You insist no more than that?

CYRANO. Yes, I insist —

Without insisting. Yes! Your modesty  
Is saddened — Well, this kiss — grant me it  
not.

CHRISTIAN (*to Cyrano, pulling his cloak*).

Why?





Cyrano de Bergerac. 143

THE CAPUCHIN. Thank you! I'll say for  
you a *pater noster*.

*(Goes out.)*

CYRANO. Good luck. My prayers accom-  
pany your cowl!

*(Comes back to Christian.)*

Scene VIII.

Cyrano, Christian.

CHRISTIAN. Get me this kiss! —

CYRANO. No!

CHRISTIAN. Soon or late —

CYRANO. 'Tis true!

'T will come; this moment of supreme delight  
When your two mouths together shall be drawn  
Because of her red lips, and your moustache.

*(To himself.)*

I'd rather that it were because —

*(Noise of shutters reopening. Christian hides  
under the balcony.)*

Scene IX.

Cyrano, Christian, Roxane.

ROXANE *(coming forward on the balcony)*.

'T is you?

We were speaking of — of — of a —

CYRANO. Of a kiss.

The word is sweet, I see not why your lips  
 So fear to speak it; if it burns them now  
 What will it be itself? Be not afraid.  
 Make not a terror of it. Did you not,  
 Just now, unknowingly, without alarm,  
 Leave off your mockery, and softly pass  
 From sigh to sigh, and from a sigh to tears?  
 Pass on yet further by the easy path —  
 'Twi'x't tears and kiss there's but a moment's  
 tremble.

ROXANE. Be still!

CYRANO. A kiss, when all is said, what is it?  
 An oath sworn nearer by; a promise made  
 With greater certainty; a vow which seeks  
 To make itself more binding; a rosy dot  
 Placed on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret  
 Told to the mouth instead of to the ear;  
 A moment of the infinite, which makes  
 A sound like to the humming of bees' wings;  
 A greeting like the sweet breath of a flower;  
 A way to feel the heart beat for a space,  
 And taste the soul a moment on the lips.

ROXANE. Be still!

CYRANO. A kiss, Madame, it is so noble  
 That e'en the Queen of France, the Queen  
 herself,  
 Let her most happy courtier take one!

ROXANE.

Well!



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Kiss, feast of love where I am Lazarus,  
There reach me in the dark some crumbs from  
thee ;

But still I feel my heart has something gained  
Since on these lips where Roxane now is  
caught

It is the words I spoke just now she kisses.  
( *The lutes are heard.* )

Now sad, now gay, the Capuchin !  
( *Pretends to run as if he were arriving from  
a distance, and calls in a loud voice.* )

Holloa !

ROXANE.      What is it ?

CYRANO.      It is I, I was just passing —  
Christian's still there ?

CHRISTIAN ( *greatly astonished* ).      What,  
Cyrano ?

ROXANE.      Good evening,  
Cousin !

CYRANO.      Good evening, cousin !

ROXANE.      I'm coming down.  
( *Disappears in the house. The Capuchin re-  
enters in the background.* )

CHRISTIAN ( *seeing him* ).      Again !

Scene X.

Cyrano, Christian, Roxane, the Capuchin,  
Ragueneau.

THE CAPUCHIN. 'T is here — I'm sure —  
Magdeleine Robin!

CYRANO. You said Ro-*lin*.

THE CAPUCHIN. No, *Bin*: B, i, n, *bin*!  
ROXANE (*appearing on the threshold of the  
house, followed by Ragueneau carrying a  
lantern, and by Christian*). What is it?

THE CAPUCHIN. A letter.

CHRISTIAN. What?

THE CAPUCHIN (*to Roxane*). Oh! It  
must be

About some holy matter. It was a lord,  
A worthy lord who —

ROXANE. 'T is De Guiche!

CHRISTIAN. He dares? —

ROXANE. Oh, but he will not trouble me  
forever.

(*Unsealing the letter.*)

I love you, and if —

(*She reads by the light of Ragueneau's lantern,  
aside in a low voice.*) “Mademoiselle —  
(*Aside, and apart from the others.*) The drums  
Beat loud, my soldiers buckle on their tunics;  
They go, 'tis thought that I am gone; I stay,



And be assured again, Mademoiselle,  
Of his respect who is, and ever will be,  
Your very humble, very — *et cætera.*”

THE CAPUCHIN. The worthy lord! I had  
no fear; I said so.

It could be only on some holy errand.

ROXANE (*aside to Christian*). Do I read  
letters well?

CHRISTIAN. Hum!

ROXANE (*aloud, in despair*). Ah! 'Tis  
frightful.

THE CAPUCHIN (*turning the light of his  
lantern on Cyrano*).

Is it you?

CHRISTIAN. It is I!

THE CAPUCHIN (*turning the light towards  
him and apparently seized with doubts,  
when he sees his good looks*).

But why —

ROXANE (*quickly*). *Post scriptum.*

“Give for the convent six score gold pistoles.”

THE CAPUCHIN. A worthy, worthy lord!  
(*To Roxane.*) Resign yourself.

ROXANE (*like a martyr*).

I am resigned.

(*While Ragueneau opens the doors to the Capu-  
chin, whom Christian invites to enter, she  
says aside to Cyrano.*)



You make De Guiche wait here.  
He's coming — let him not come in before —

CYRANO. I understand.

(*To the Capuchin.*) To bless them takes how long?

THE CAPUCHIN. A quarter of an hour.

CYRANO (*pushing them all towards the house*).

Go, I stay.

ROXANE (*to Christian*).

Come.

(*They go in.*)

CYRANO. How to make De Guiche lose fifteen minutes?

(*Rushes to the bench and climbs up the wall towards the balcony.*)

There! Let us climb — my plan is made —

(*The lutes begin to play a doleful bar.*) Holloa!

It is a man!

(*The tremolo becomes mournful.*)

Ho! ho. This time it is one!

(*He is on the balcony, pulls his hat over his eyes, takes off his sword, then leans forward and looks out.*)

No, it is not too high.

(*He vaults the balustrade, and drawing towards him the long branch of one of the trees which border the wall of the garden, he grasps it with both hands, ready to let himself fall.*)

This atmosphere  
I am about to trouble.

Scene XI.

Cyrano, De Guiche.

DE GUICHE (*entering, masked, feeling his way  
in the night*).

What is this cursèd Capuchin about?

CYRANO. The deuce, my voice? — If he  
should recognize it?

(*Letting go with one hand, he pretends to turn  
an invisible key.*)

Cric, crac!

(*Solemnly.*) Speak like a Gascon, Cyrano.

DE GUICHE (*looking at the house*).

'Tis there! I cannot see. This mask annoys  
me.

(*Starts to go in. Cyrano leaps from the bal-  
cony, holding on to the branch, which bends,  
and lands him between De Guiche and the  
door; he pretends to fall heavily, as if  
from a great distance, and flattens out on  
the ground, where he remains motionless,  
as if stunned. De Guiche jumps back-  
ward.*)

Hah! What!

(*When he lifts his eyes, the branch has swung*

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*back; he sees only the sky; he does not understand.)*

Whence falls this man here?

CYRANO (*sitting up, and speaking with a Gascon accent*).

From the moon.

DE GUICHE. From the —?

CYRANO (*in a dreamy voice*). What time is it?

DE GUICHE. He's lost his mind.

CYRANO. What country? What o'clock?  
What day? What season?

DE GUICHE. But —

CYRANO. I am dazed.

DE GUICHE. Monsieur —

CYRANO. For like a bomb  
I've fallen from the moon!

DE GUICHE (*impatient*). Yes, but Monsieur! —

CYRANO (*getting up, with a terrible voice*).  
Thence have I fallen!

DE GUICHE (*drawing back*). Yes, yes,  
thence you fell!

— Perhaps he is a madman.

CYRANO (*advancing towards him*). And my  
fall, —

It is no metaphor!

DE GUICHE. But —

CYRANO. A century since.  
Or else a moment — in my fall I lost  
All track of time, — I was in that yellow ball!

DE GUICHE (*shrugging his shoulders*).

Yes, let me pass.

CYRANO (*standing in his way*). Where am  
I? Tell me frankly

Keep nothing hid! In what place, in what  
spot,

Monsieur, have I just fallen like a meteor?

DE GUICHE. The Devil!

CYRANO. As I fell I could not choose  
My landing-place — I know not where I  
fell! —

And is it to a moon or to a world,  
Whither my weight has just now drawn me  
down?

DE GUICHE. But, sir, I tell you —

CYRANO (*with a cry of terror which makes  
De Guiche draw back*). Ha! Ye gods!  
Meseems

That in this country folk have faces black!

DE GUICHE (*raising his hand to his face*).  
What?

CYRANO (*with a distinct show of fear*). Am  
I in Algiers? Are you a native?

DE GUICHE (*who has felt his mask*).  
This mask —

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CYRANO (*pretending to be somewhat reassured*).

I'm then in Genoa or Venice?

DE GUICHE (*trying to pass*).

A lady waits me —

CYRANO (*wholly reassured*). Then I am in Paris!

DE GUICHE (*smiling in spite of himself*).

He's an amusing fellow.

CYRANO. Ah! You laugh?

DE GUICHE. I laugh, but wish to pass.

CYRANO (*beaming*). Indeed, 'tis Paris!  
(*Entirely at his ease, smiling, brushing himself, and bowing.*)

I came — excuse me — by the latest whirlwind.

The ether clings to me. I've travelled far!

My eyes are filled with star-dust. On my spurs

I still have shreds torn from a planet's hide!

(*Picking something from his sleeve.*)

See, on my doublet, there's a comet's hair!

(*Puffs as if to blow it away.*)

DE GUICHE (*beside himself*).

Monsieur! —

CYRANO (*just as he starts to pass, holds out his leg as if to show him something, and stops him*).

And in my leg I bring a tooth  
From the Great Bear, — and as I passed the  
Trident

Trying to dodge one of its three sharp prongs,  
I fell, and landed seated on the Scales,  
Whose needle at this moment marks my  
weight.

*(Quickly preventing De Guiche from passing,  
and taking him by the button of his doublet.)*

If you should press my nose between your  
fingers,  
It would spurt milk! —

DE GUICHE.           What? Milk?

CYRANO.               From the Milky Way!

DE GUICHE.   Oh, by the lords of Hell! —

CYRANO.           'T is Heaven that sends me!

*(Folding his arms.)* Now, would you think,  
I saw it as I fell, —

That Sirius, at night, puts on a cap?

*(Confidentially.)* The other Bear is still too  
small to bite.

*(Smiling.)* And as I crossed the Lyre, I  
broke a string.

*(Proudly.)* But I shall write a book about it  
all,

And the golden stars, that in my scorched  
cloak

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I brought away at my own risk and peril,  
Will serve as asterisks when it is printed.

DE GUICHE. Finally, I insist —

CYRANO. I catch your meaning!

DE GUICHE. Monsieur!

CYRANO. You wish to hear from my own  
mouth

Of what the moon is made, and if folk dwell  
Within the roundness of this strange alembic?

DE GUICHE. No! No! I wish —

CYRANO. To know how I ascended?

"Twas by a means that I devised myself.

DE GUICHE (*discouraged*). He's mad!

CYRANO (*scornfully*). I did not use the  
stupid eagle

Of Regiomontanus, nor the pigeon

Archytas used —

DE GUICHE. Mad! — but a learned madman!

CYRANO. I followed naught that had been  
done before.

(*De Guiche has succeeded in passing, and is  
striding towards Roxane's door. Cyrano  
follows him, ready to lay hold of him.*)

Six ways did I devise to violate

The virgin Azure!

DE GUICHE (*turning*). Six?

CYRANO (*volubly*). I deck my body,  
Naked as on the day that I was born,

With crystal phials filled up to the brim,  
With tears dropped from the morning sky, and  
then

Expose me to the full blaze of the sun,  
Which draws me up the while it drinks the  
dew.

DE GUICHE (*surprised and taking a step  
towards Cyrano*). Yes, that makes one.

CYRANO (*drawing back to get him on the other  
side*). And this too I could do :  
Produce a whirlwind, and so take my flight, —  
By rarefying air in a cedar chest  
With burning mirrors in an icosahedron.

DE GUICHE (*taking another step*). Two !

CYRANO (*still drawing back*).

Or, having skill of hand as well as brain,  
On a grasshopper made with springs of steel,  
Dart, with successive blasts of powder fired,  
Through the blue pastures where the stars are  
grazing.

DE GUICHE (*following him without suspect-  
ing it, and counting on his fingers*).

Three !

CYRANO. And since all smoke must surely  
rise aloft,

Blow in a globe enough to bear me up.

DE GUICHE (*same action, more and more  
amazed*). Four !



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CYRANO. Since Diana, when her bow is  
smallest,

Loves, oh, ye oxen, to suck out your mar-  
row! —

To anoint myself withal!

DE GUICHE (*in stupefaction*). Five!

CYRANO (*who, while talking to him has led  
him to the other side of the street, near a  
bench*). Finally,

Placing myself upon a plate of iron,  
I take a magnet, and throw it in the air!  
'Tis a good way — the iron rushes on  
Fast as the magnet flies, and follows after.  
Again I throw the magnet — there you are!  
In this way I ascend without a limit.

DE GUICHE. Six! These be six good ways.

What system, sir,

Of the six did you choose?

CYRANO. I chose a seventh.

DE GUICHE. Really, what is it?

CYRANO. You could never guess!

DE GUICHE. This rascal's growing interest-  
ing now.

CYRANO (*making the noise of the waves, with  
great, mysterious gestures*).

Hooöh! Hooöh!

DE GUICHE. Well?

CYRANO. You guess?

DE GUICHE. No.

CYRANO. The tide!

At the hour when the moon doth draw the  
wave

I lay upon the sand, — after a bath, —  
And the head led the way, my friend, because  
The hair keeps so much water in its locks.  
I rose in air, up, straight up, like an angel,  
I ascended gently, softly, with no effort,  
When suddenly I felt a shock, — then —

DE GUICHE (*carried away by curiosity, sitting down on the bench*). Then?

CYRANO. Then — (*resuming his natural voice*),

The quarter hour has passed. I let you go.  
The marriage is made.

DE GUICHE (*getting up with a bound*). What!  
Come! Am I then drunk?

This voice?

(*The door of the house opens, and lackeys appear, carrying lighted candelabra. Light. Cyrano takes off his hat with its lowered brim.*)

This nose! Cyrano?

CYRANO (*bowing*). Cyrano.

This very moment they've exchanged the rings.

DE GUICHE. Who are they?

(*He turns — Tableau. Behind the lackeys,*

*Roxane and Christian hold hands. The Capuchin follows them, smiling. Ragueneau also holds a torch. The duenna closes the line, in great confusion, dressed in a wrapper). Heavens!*

### Scene XII.

The same, Roxane, Christian, the Capuchin,  
Ragueneau, Lackeys, the Duenna.

DE GUICHE (*to Roxane*).      You!  
(*Recognizing Christian with stupefaction*).

He?

(*Bowing to Roxane with admiration*).      A  
clever stroke!

(*To Cyrano*).      My compliments, inventor of  
machines!

Your story would have made a saint stop  
short

At heaven's gate.      Remember the details,  
For it might well be turned into a book.

CYRANO (*bowing*).

Sir, that's advice that I engage to follow.

THE CAPUCHIN (*showing the lovers to De Guiche, and wagging his great white beard with satisfaction*).

A handsome pair, my son, joined there by  
you!

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DE GUICHE (*giving him a frigid glance*).  
Yes.

(*To Roxane*). Be kind enough, Madame, to  
bid your husband  
Farewell.

ROXANE. Why so?

DE GUICHE (*to Christian*). The troops are  
on the march.

Go join your regiment!

ROXANE. To go to war?

DE GUICHE. Of course.

ROXANE. But the Cadets, sir, do not go.

DE GUICHE. They'll go.

(*Drawing out the paper he had in his pocket*).  
Here is the order.

(*To Christian*). Take it, Baron!

ROXANE (*throwing herself into Christian's  
arms*).

Christian!

DE GUICHE (*sneeringly, to Cyrano*).

The wedding night is still far off!

CYRANO (*aside*). To think that he believes  
that greatly pains me!

CHRISTIAN (*to Roxane*). Your lips again!

CYRANO. Come, come, that is enough!

CHRISTIAN (*continuing to embrace Roxane*).

'Tis hard to leave her. You know not —

CYRANO (*trying to draw him away*). Yes, I  
know.



## FOURTH ACT.

## THE GASCON CADETS.

*The station occupied by Carbon de Castel-Jaloux's company at the siege of Arras. In the background, a rampart crossing the entire stage. Beyond is seen a plain stretching away to the horizon ; the country is covered with earthworks. The walls of Arras, and its roofs, silhouetted against the sky, in the far distance. Tents ; arms scattered about, drums, etc. Day is about to dawn. The east is yellow. Sentinels stationed at intervals. Camp-fires. The Gascon Cadets are asleep, wrapped in their cloaks. Carbon de Castel-Jaloux and Le Bret are on watch. They are pale and very thin. Christian is asleep among the rest, wrapped in his cape, in the foreground, his face lit by the firelight. Silence.*

## Scene I.

Christian, Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, Le Bret,  
the Cadets ; afterwards Cyrano.

LE BRET. 'T is frightful !

CARBON.

Frightful !

LE BRET.

Lord !

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CARBON (*making a sign to him to speak lower*).                      Swear in a whisper.

You'll waken them. (*To the Cadets.*) Hush!  
Sleep. (*To Le Bret.*) He who sleeps,  
dines!

LE BRET. When one is sleepless, 't is lean  
fare enough.

What famine!

(*Scattering shots heard in the distance.*)

CARBON. Curses on these wretched shots!  
They will awake my lads. (*To the Cadets,*  
*who raise their heads.*) Sleep on!

(*They settle down again. More shots, nearer.*)

A CADET (*moving*).                      The deuce!  
Again?

CARBON. 'T is nothing. Cyrano returns.  
(*The heads which had been lifted fall again.*)

A SENTINEL (*without*).

Halt! Who goes there?

CYRANO'S VOICE.                      I! Bergerac!

THE SENTINEL ON THE RAMPART. The  
devil!

Who's there?

CYRANO (*appearing on top of the rampart*).  
Bergerac, fool!

LE BRET.                                      Ah, thank the Lord!

CYRANO (*making a sign to him to awake no one*). Hush!

LE BRET. Wounded?

CYRANO. You know well they have a habit  
Of missing me each morning.

LE BRET. 'Tis too much  
To risk your life to carry every day  
A letter —

CYRANO (*stopping before Christian*). But  
I gave my word he'd write.  
(*Looks at him.*) He sleeps. He has grown  
pale. If the poor child  
Knew how he dies of hunger — but always fair!

LE BRET. Go straight to sleep.

CYRANO. Now do not scold, Le Bret —  
Know this: that where I pass the Spanish lines  
I've chosen a spot where they are always drunk.

LE BRET. Some day you should bring back  
some food for us.

CYRANO. I must go light to pass; and yet  
I know  
There'll be some news to-night. If I mistake  
not,  
The French will either eat or die.

LE BRET. Tell on!

CYRANO. No. I am not quite certain —  
you will see —

CARBON. To die of hunger while one lays  
a siege  
Is sorry warfare.





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CARBON (*with a sigh*). The reveille — alas!  
(*The Cadets move in their cloaks and stretch themselves.*) Nourishing sleep!

You cease; and what will be their cry I know  
Only too well!

A CADET (*sitting up*). I'm hungry!

ANOTHER. I am dying!

ALL. Oh!

CARBON. Get up!

THIRD CADET. Not a movement!

FOURTH CADET. Not a step!

THE FIRST (*looking at himself in a piece of his cuirass*).

My tongue is yellow; this weather is unwholesome!

ANOTHER. My badge of barony for a bit of cheese!

ANOTHER. If no one will provide for my poor stomach

Something on which the chyle may do its work,  
Achilles-like, I'll sulk within my tent.

ANOTHER. Bread!

CARBON (*going into the tent into which Cyrano had entered: in a low voice*).

Cyrano!

OTHERS. We're dying!

CARBON (*still in a low voice, at the door of the tent*).  
To our aid!

You who can always answer them so gaily,  
Come, cheer them up!

SECOND CADET (*rushing at the first, who is  
chewing something.*)      What are you nib-  
bling on?

THE FIRST.      On cannon-wadding, fried  
with axle-grease,  
Cooked in a helmet.      There is not much game  
Here around Arras.

ANOTHER (*entering*).      I'm just from the  
hunt.

ANOTHER (*same action*).

And in the river Scarpe I have been fishing.

ALL (*standing and rushing upon the last  
comers*).

What have you got — a pheasant, or a carp?  
Come, show them quickly!

THE FISHERMAN.      A gudgeon.

THE HUNTER.      And a sparrow.

ALL (*exasperated*).

Enough!      Let's mutiny.

CARBON.      Help, Cyrano!

(*It is now broad day.*)

Scene III.

The Same; Cyrano.

CYRANO (*coming out of his tent, placid, a pen over his ear, a book in his hand*). Well?  
(*Silence. To the first Cadet.*)

Why are you walking with this lagging step?

THE CADET. I've something in my heels  
which troubles me.

CYRANO. And what is that?

THE CADET. My stomach.

CYRANO. So have I.

THE CADET. Does it not trouble you?

CYRANO. It makes me tall.

SECOND CADET. I have long teeth.

CYRANO. You'll get the bigger bite.

A THIRD. My stomach's hollow.

CYRANO. We'll use it for a drum.

ANOTHER. And as for me, I've buzzings in  
my ears.

CYRANO. No, no! A famished stomach,  
not your ears!

ANOTHER. Oh, to eat something — dressed  
with oil!

CYRANO (*taking off the Cadet's helmet and  
putting it in his hand*). Your sallet!

ANOTHER. Is there naught to devour?

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CYRANO (*tossing him the book he holds in his hand*).                      Try my Homer!

ANOTHER. The Minister at home has four good meals.

CYRANO. Should he send you a partridge?

THE SAME.                      Well, why not?

And wine.

CYRANO. Some Burgundy, Richelieu, if you please!

THE SAME. By some good Capuchin.

CYRANO.                      His highness gray?

ANOTHER. I'm hungry as a bear.

CYRANO.                      Eat your own fat then!

FIRST CADET (*shrugging his shoulders*).

That is your way — to jest, to score your point.

CYRANO. Ah, yes, the jest, the point! — and well I hope

That I may die some night, 'neath rosy skies,  
For a good cause, and making a good jest.

Oh, to fall by the only noble weapon,  
Struck by a foeman worthy of one's self, —  
Fall on the field of glory, not the sick-bed,  
With point in heart, as well as on one's lips!

CRY OF ALL. I'm hungry!

CYRANO (*crossing his arms*). Shame! you think of naught but food.

Come, Bertrandou, the fifer, once a shepherd.

Take from its leathern case one of your fifes.  
 Blow! and play for this pack of lazy gluttons  
 The old airs of our home, that hold us fast,—  
 In which each note is like a little sister;  
 In which are caught the tones of voices dear—  
 Airs sweet and slow, like to the curling smoke  
 That rises from the village of our birth,—  
 These melodies which speak our native tongue.  
*(The old man sits down and prepares his fife.)*

And let the warlike fife, that grieves to-day,  
 Bethink itself a moment—while your fingers  
 Dance up and down its length like darting  
 birds—

That ere 'twas wrought of ebony, 'twas a reed;  
 And let it marvel at its song, and find  
 Sweet memories of its peaceful, rustic youth.  
*(The old man begins to play airs of the South  
 of France.)*

List, Gascons, — 'neath his fingers 'tis no  
 longer

The camp's shrill fife, it is the forest's flute;  
 And from his lips no battle-blast is blown,  
 'Tis the slow whistle of our humble goatherds.  
 List, Gascons, — 'tis the vale, the plain, the  
 forest;

The sunbrowned herdsman with his bonnet red;  
 The Dordogne, with its evenings green and  
 sweet.

List, Gascons, — 'tis the whole of Gascony!  
*(All heads are bowed; all eyes are dreamy.  
 Tears are furtively wiped away on the  
 backs of sleeves and corners of cloaks.)*

CARBON *(to Cyrano, aside)*. But you have  
 made them weep.

CYRANO.                      Only homesickness.  
 A nobler ill than hunger: mind, not body.  
 'Tis well their pains should strike another organ,  
 And that it is their hearts which now are wrung.

CARBON. But when you touch their hearts  
 you weaken them.

CYRANO *(signalling to the drummer to  
 approach)*.

Withhold your blame. The courage in their  
 blood

Awakens quickly. 'T is enough —  
*(Makes a gesture. The drum is sounded.)*

ALL *(rising and rushing to arms)*. What!  
 What!

CYRANO *(smiling)*.

One ruffle of the drum's enough, you see.  
 Farewell regrets, dreams, love, and province  
 old!

The drum soon drives away what the fife  
 brought!

A CADET *(looking into the distance)*.

Ah! There's Monsieur de Guiche.

ALL THE CADETS (*murmuring*). Hoo!

CYRANO (*smiling*). Flattering sound!

A CADET. He wearies us!

ANOTHER. With his great ruff of lace  
Over his armor — he comes to show it off.

ANOTHER. It is like wearing cambric over  
steel.

THE FIRST. It's good — if you have boils  
upon your neck.

THE SECOND. A courtier still.

ANOTHER. The nephew of his uncle.

CARBON. Yet he's a Gascon.

THE FIRST. Trust him not. He's false.  
Because the Gascons — really — should be  
mad.

A Gascon with his wits is dangerous.

LE BRET. He's pale.

ANOTHER. He's hungry, like the rest of us.  
But since his armor's gay with silver-gilt  
His belly-pangs but sparkle in the sun.

CYRANO (*quickly*).

Let us no longer seem to be in pain.

Your cards, your pipes, your dice! —

(*All quickly begin their games, — on the drums,  
on the benches, and on their cloaks spread  
on the ground; and they light long pipes  
of tobacco.*)

I read Descartes.



(*Walks up and down, and reads a little book which he has taken out of his pocket. Tableau — De Guiche enters; everyone seems absorbed and contented. He is very pale. He goes toward Carbon.*)

### Scene IV.

The Same; De Guiche.

DE GUICHE (*to Carbon*). Good day! (*They both look at each other.*) (*Aside, with satisfaction.*) He's turning green.

CARBON (*same tone*).                      He's naught but eyes.

DE GUICHE (*looking at the Cadets*).

Are these the malcontents? — Yes, gentlemen, I hear I am lampooned on every side:

And that, among your aristocracy

Bred on a mountain-side, in Périgord

Or Béarn, you cannot find hard words enough

For your commander, — calling me a trickster,

A shallow courtier; that it troubles you

To see a point-lace collar on my cuirass;

And that you never cease to take it ill

That every Gascon need not be a beggar.

(*Silence. They play; they smoke.*)

Shall I then have you punished by your Captain?

No!

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CARBON. I am free and give no punishments.

DE GUICHE. Ah!

CARBON. I've paid my company. It is my own:

And as a soldier only I obey.

DE GUICHE. Indeed! That is enough. (*Addressing the Cadets.*) I can despise Your mockery. You know how I stand fire. Yesterday, at Bapaume, you saw full well How furiously I put to flight the Count Of Bucquoi. Like an avalanche I hurled My men on his: thrice and again I charged.

CYRANO (*without lifting his face from his book*).

And your white scarf?

DE GUICHE (*surprised and satisfied*). You know that detail too?

It came about, that as I wheeled my horse,  
Rallying my soldiers for the final charge,  
A pack of fugitives dragged me along  
Close to the enemy's ranks. I was in danger  
Of being taken prisoner and shot;  
When I had wit enough to drop to earth  
The scarf that showed my military rank,  
And so was able to escape the Spaniards  
Without their recognition, — then return,  
Leading my rallied force, and win the fight!

— What say you of this feat?

*(The Cadets appear not to listen; but their cards and dice-boxes remain in the air, the smoke of their pipes in their cheeks. A pause.)*

CYRANO.                                      That Henry Fourth  
Would never have agreed, 'gainst any odds,  
To take one feather from his snow-white crest.  
*(Silent joy. The cards fall, the dice drop, the smoke escapes.)*

DE GUICHE.      But still the ruse succeeded!  
*(Same wait; while games and smoke are suspended.)*

CYRANO.                                      Like enough.  
But it is not an honor lightly yielded, —  
To be a target.  
*(Cards fall, dice drop, smoke rises, with growing satisfaction.)* Now, had I been there  
When the abandoned scarf fell to the ground —  
Our kinds of courage differ, sir, in this —  
I should have picked it up and put it on.

DE GUICHE.      Yes, Gascon boasting still!

CYRANO.                                      You call it boasting?  
Lend it to me, — and on this very night  
I'll lead the assault, with the scarf draped  
about me.

DE GUICHE.      Another Gascon offer! You  
know well

The scarf was lost within the foemen's lines,  
By the River Scarpe, where, swept by leaden  
hail,

No one can go to seek it.

CYRANO (*taking the white scarf from his pocket, and handing it to him*). Here it is!

(*Silence. The Cadets smother their laughter under their cards and dice-boxes. De Guiche turns and looks at them; they immediately become serious again, and begin their games. One of them whistles the mountain melody played by the fife.*)

DE GUICHE (*taking the scarf*).

Thanks. With this piece of white I shall be able

To give a signal — I was loath to give.

(*Goes to the rampart, climbs it, and waves the scarf several times in the air.*)

ALL. What?

THE SENTINEL (*on top of the rampart*). See the man down there, who's running hither!

DE GUICHE (*coming down again*).

He's a pretended spy. He renders us Great service; for the tidings that he takes To the enemy are those I give myself; And so I have a chance to shape their plans.

CYRANO. A scurvy trick!



CARBON (*to the Cadets*).

Make ready, gentlemen.

(*All rise. Noise of swords, and buckling of belts.*)

DE GUICHE. 'T is in an hour.

FIRST CADET. Ah!

(*All sit down again, and take up the interrupted game.*)

DE GUICHE. You must gain time. The Marshal will return.

CARBON. And to gain time?

DE GUICHE. You will have the great kindness To give your lives!

CYRANO. Ah, — is this vengeance, then?

DE GUICHE. I shall make no pretense that, had I loved you,

I should have chosen you for this defense. But since none vie with you in reckless daring, I serve my King and satisfy my grudge.

CYRANO. Permit me, sir, to express my gratitude.

DE GUICHE. I know you like to fight — one to a hundred!

You'll not complain that you lack such a task. (*Goes aside with Carbon.*)

CYRANO (*to the Cadets*).

'T is well! We shall add to the Gascon blazon, Which bears six chevrons, sirs — azure and or,



CYRANO. Why, so it is! A poet  
Is caught at his own game. That is the charm!  
You understand — this note, 'tis very moving;  
It made me weep, myself, while writing.

CHRISTIAN. Weep?

CYRANO. Why, yes; because — to die is  
nothing much;

But — see her ne'er again! Aye, there's the rub!  
For I shall never — (*Christian looks at him.*)

We shall ne'er — (*Sharply.*) You will —

CHRISTIAN (*snatching the letter from him*).

Give me this letter.

(*A noise in the distance in the camp.*)

VOICE OF A SENTINEL. Halt there! Who goes  
there?

(*Shots. Sounds of voices. Rattle of bells.*)

CARBON. What is 't?

THE SENTINEL (*on the rampart*). A carriage.

CRIS. What, here — in the camp?

It enters! It seems from the enemy!

Fire — No! The driver shouts — Shouts  
what? He shouts:

“On the King's service!”

(*Everyone is on the ramparts looking out.  
The bells approach.*)

DE GUICHE.

What, the King?

(*They come down and fall in line.*)

CARBON,

Hats off!



DE GUICHE (*from the wings*).

From the King. — Take your places, wretched rabble!

That he may enter in befitting state.

(*The carriage enters at full speed, — covered with mud and dust, curtains drawn, two grooms behind, — and stops short.*)

CARBON (*shouting*).

Beat the assembly! (*Ruffle of drums. All the Cadets uncover.*) Lower the step!

(*Two men rush forward, the door opens.*)

ROXANE (*jumping from the carriage*). Good morning!

(*The sound of a woman's voice raises the whole line, which was bowing low. Blank amazement.*)

### Scene V.

The Same; Roxane.

DE GUICHE. On the King's service! You?

ROXANE.                    The sole King, Love!

CYRANO. Good God!

CHRISTIAN (*rushing forward*). You! Why?

ROXANE.                    This siege was far too long.

CHRISTIAN. Why?

ROXANE. I'll tell you.

CYRANO (*who at the sound of her voice has*

*remained motionless, rooted to the spot, without daring to turn his eyes toward her*). God! now dare I look at her!

DE GUICHE. You cannot stay here.

ROXANE (*gaily*). Oh, yes — but I can!  
Will you hand me a drum? (*Sits down on a drum which is handed to her.*) (*She laughs.*)

There! Many thanks.  
They fired on my carriage! (*Proudly.*) A patrol!

It looks made of a pumpkin, does it not?  
As in the fairy-tale; and the lackeys changed  
From rats. (*Throwing a kiss to Christian.*)  
Good morning! (*Looking at all of them.*)

You do not look gay.  
You know 'tis far to Arras? (*Seeing Cyrano.*)  
Cousin, I'm charmed!

CYRANO (*advancing*).  
But how, Madame?—

ROXANE. How did I find the army?  
Heavens, my friend, 'twas simple: I but went  
Where'er I saw the land laid waste. Such horrors!

I should not have believed, had I not seen.  
If that, sirs, be the service of your King,  
Mine is far better.

CYRANO. Well, but this is mad.  
Where did you pass, and how did you get through?

ROXANE. Where? Through the Spanish lines!

FIRST CADET.                      An evil lot!

DE GUICHE. But how did you contrive to pass their lines?

LE BRET. It must have been no easy task.

ROXANE.                                      Why, yes!

I simply sent my carriage at full speed :  
If a hidalgo showed his lofty air,  
I merely beamed on him my sweetest smile.  
And, as the Spaniards are the most gallant folk

In the world, — no offense to the French, — I passed.

CARBON. Yes, 'tis a passport sure, that smile of yours.

But still they often must have asked of you  
Whither you went at such a pace, Madame?

ROXANE. They often did: and then I always answered:

“I go to see my lover!” Then the Spaniard,  
E'en of the fiercest air, would gravely close  
My carriage door, — and, with a courtly gesture  
The King himself would envy, wave away  
The guns already levelled at my breast;  
And — gorgeous in his grace and in his pride,  
While his spurs clanked beneath his mantle's  
train,

And his hat waved its sweeping plumes in  
air —

He would bow low, and say : “ Pass, Señorita ! ”

CHRISTIAN. But —

ROXANE. I said, “ My lover, ” yes ; but,  
pardon me, —

You understand, if I had said, “ My husband, ”  
None would have let me pass.

CHRISTIAN. But —

ROXANE. What’s the matter ?

DE GUICHE. You must depart.

ROXANE. I ?

CYRANO. Quickly.

LE BRET. Yes, at once !

CHRISTIAN. Yes !

ROXANE. Why ?

CHRISTIAN (*embarrassed*). The fact is —

CYRANO (*same tone*). In the next half-hour —

DE GUICHE (*same tone*). About —

CARBON (*same tone*). ’Tis better —

LE BRET (*same tone*). You might —

ROXANE. I shall stay.

A battle’s near !

ALL. Oh, no !

ROXANE. This is my husband !

(*Throws herself in Christian’s arms.*)

Let me be slain with him.

CHRISTIAN. What eyes you have !

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ROXANE. I'll tell you why.

DE GUICHE (*in despair*). This is a fearful  
post!

ROXANE (*turning*). What! fearful?

CYRANO.                      And in proof, he's given it  
To us.

ROXANE (*to De Guiche*). Ah! then you wish  
me widowed?

DE GUICHE. I swear! —

ROXANE. No, I am somewhat mad just now.  
I shall not go away — and 'tis amusing.

CYRANO. What! Has Madame become a  
heroine?

ROXANE. Monsieur de Bergerac, I am your  
cousin.

A CADET. We will defend you.

ROXANE (*catching the fever more and more*).  
Friends, that I believe!

ANOTHER (*in delight*).  
The whole camp smells of iris.

ROXANE.    I have on  
A hat which will look very well in battle.  
(*Looking at De Guiche.*)  
Perchance 'tis time the Count should go away, —  
They might begin!

DE GUICHE.                      This is too much! I go  
To inspect my cannon, and return at once.  
You still have time; pray change your mind.

ROXANE. No, never!  
(*Exit De Guiche.*)

Scene VI.

The Same; without De Guiche.

CHRISTIAN (*pleading*). Roxane! —

ROXANE. No!

FIRST CADET (*to the others*). She will stay.

ALL (*rushing about and jostling each other as they try to make themselves presentable.*) A comb — A brush —

Some soap — My clothes are torn; give me a needle —

A ribbon — Here, your mirror — Now, my gauntlets! —

Your curling-irons — and a razor, — quick!

ROXANE (*to Cyrano, who still pleads with her*).

No, — naught shall make me stir from out this place!

CARBON (*after having, like the rest, tightened his belt, dusted his clothes, brushed his hat, arranged his plume, and drawn on his gauntlets, advances towards Roxane and with great ceremony*).

Perhaps it would be fitting to present,  
Since the affair stands thus, these gentlemen,



I should die gladly, having seen this vision,  
If I had only one small bite to eat.

CARBON (*who had heard him ; indignantly*).

Shame, — speak of eating when a lady fair —

ROXANE. But the camp's air is sharp, —

I'm hungry too, —

Pasties, and game, and wines — that is my  
choice.

Will you be kind enough to bring them?

(*Consternation.*)

A CADET.

All?

ANOTHER. Good Lord! Where shall we  
get them?

ROXANE (*tranquilly*). In my carriage.

ALL. What!

ROXANE. But they must be boned, and  
carved, and served.

Look at my coachman closer, gentlemen,

And you will recognize a very genius.

Each sauce shall be served hot, if you prefer.

THE CADETS (*rushing towards the carriage*).

'T is Ragueneau. (*Acclamations.*)

Oh, oh!

ROXANE (*following them with her eyes*).

Poor boys!

CYRANO (*kissing her hand*). Good fairy!

RAGUENEAU (*standing on the seat like a char-  
latan in a public square*).

Gentlemen—



(*Enthusiasm.*)

THE CADETS. Bravo! Bravo!

RAGUENEAU.                      The Spaniards failed  
To see the feast, when the feast of beauty  
passed.

(*Applause.*) (*Cyrano talks aside to Christian.*)

RAGUENEAU. So taken up with gallantry  
they were  
They never saw (*takes from the seat a dish,*  
*which he lifts up*) the galantine!

(*Applause. The galantine is passed from  
hand to hand.*)

CYRANO (*aside to Christian*).      I beg you,  
One word!

RAGUENEAU. And Venus so filled every eye  
That secretly Diana brought away (*brandishes  
a leg of venison*)

The trophies of her hunt.

(*Enthusiasm. The leg is seized by twenty out-  
stretched hands.*)

CYRANO (*aside to Christian*).      I must speak  
with you.

ROXANE (*to the Cadets, who come down, their  
arms full of provisions*).

Spread this upon the ground. (*Lays a cloth  
on the grass, aided by the two footmen  
who were behind the carriage. To Chris-  
tian.*)                      Make yourself useful!

*(Christian goes to help her. Cyrano makes a restless movement.)*

RAGUENEAU. A truffled peacock!

FIRST CADET *(radiantly, coming down while cutting a large slice of ham)*. Thunder!  
we shall have

One royal gorge at least, before we die —

*(quickly catching himself up as he sees Roxane)*

—A royal feast, I mean,—I beg your pardon!

RAGUENEAU *(tossing out the cushions of the carriage)*.

The cushions are all stuffed with ortolans!

*(Great tumult. The cushions are ripped up.*

*Laughter and joy.)*

THIRD CADET. Ah!

RAGUENEAU *(tossing out bottles of red wine)*.

Flasks of rubies! *(of white wine)*

Flasks of topaz, too!

ROXANE *(throwing a folded tablecloth into Cyrano's face)*.

Unfold this cloth — catch it — and look  
alive!

RAGUENEAU *(waving one of the carriage-lamps, which he has wrenched off)*.

And every lantern is a little cupboard.

CYRANO *(aside to Christian, while they together arrange the cloth)*.

I must speak with you, ere you speak to her.

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RAGUENEAU (*more and more rhapsodical*).  
Even my whip-handle is a giant sausage!

ROXANE (*pouring wine and serving*).  
Since they will kill us — heavens! let us  
    laugh

At all the rest. Everything for the Gascons!  
If De Guiche come, let no one bid him sit.  
(*Going from one to another.*)

There, you have time enough — don't eat so  
    fast —

But drink a little! — Why these tears?

FIRST CADET.                      'T is too good! —

ROXANE. Tush! — red or white? — Bread  
    for Monsieur de Carbon.

A knife — your plate! — Some champagne?  
    Or a wing?

CYRANO (*who follows her, his arms full of  
    plates, helping her wait*). I love her!

ROXANE (*going towards Christian*). You?

CHRISTIAN.                      No, nothing.

ROXANE.                          Yes, this biscuit,

Dipped in some muscatel, — two fingers only!

CHRISTIAN (*trying to detain her*).

Oh, tell me why you came!

ROXANE.                          My duty now

Is to these luckless lads. Hush! — in a  
    moment.

LE BRET (*who has gone to the background, to*

*hand up to the Sentinel on the rampart a loaf of bread on the end of a lance).*

De Guiche!

CYRANO. Quick, hide the bottles, plates,  
and baskets!

Let us show nothing! (*To Ragueneau.*)

Get back on your box!

Is all well hidden?

*(In a twinkling everything is pushed into the tents, or hidden under their clothes, their cloaks, or their hats. De Guiche enters briskly — and stops suddenly, sniffing. Silence.)*

### Scene VII.

The Same; De Guiche.

DE GUICHE. That smells good.

A CADET (*humming, with a preoccupied air*).

To-lo —

DE GUICHE (*stopping and looking at him*).

What is the matter with you? You're quite red.

THE CADET. I? Nothing — 'tis my blood.

— We'll fight — it starts —

ANOTHER. Poum, poum!

DE GUICHE (*turning*). What's that?

THE CADET (*slightly intoxicated*). Nothing  
— a little song!

DE GUICHE. You're gay, my lad.

THE CADET. 'Tis the approach of danger.

DE GUICHE (*calling Carbon de Castel-Jaloux to give an order*). Here, Captain, I—

(*Stops, looking at him.*) The deuce!  
you're cheerful too!

CARBON (*blushing scarlet, and hiding a bottle behind his back with furtive movement*).

Oh!

DE GUICHE. There is left one cannon I've  
had brought.

(*Points to a place in the wing.*)

There, in the corner— use it, if you need.

A CADET (*strutting about*).

Charming attention!

ANOTHER (*smiling at him graciously*).

Kindly thoughtfulness!

DE GUICHE. Oh! they are mad! (*Drily.*)

And being quite unused

To cannon, take good heed to the recoil.

FIRST CADET. Oh, pfft!

DE GUICHE (*going to him, furious*). But! —

THE CADET. Gascon guns never recoil.

DE GUICHE (*taking him by the arm and shaking him*). You're drunk! — on  
what?

THE CADET (*superbly*). Upon the smell of  
powder.

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DE GUICHE (*shrugging his shoulders, pushing him away and going quickly to Roxane*).

Quick, Madame. What have you resolved to do?

ROXANE. I stay.

DE GUICHE. Flee!

ROXANE. No!

DE GUICHE. Well, since  
the case stands thus,

Give me a musket!

CARBON. What?

DE GUICHE. I also stay.

CYRANO. But, sir, this savors somewhat of  
bravado.

FIRST CADET. You are a Gascon, then,  
despite your lace?

DE GUICHE. I do not leave a woman in  
distress.

SECOND CADET (*to the First*).

Really! I think we well might give him food.  
(*All the provisions reappear as if by magic.*)

DE GUICHE (*his eyes lighting up*).

Provisions!

THIRD CADET. Yes, they came from every  
cloak.

DE GUICHE (*mastering himself, and with dignity*).

Do you then think that I will eat your leavings?



CYRANO. Should speak to you  
Of letters —

CHRISTIAN. Oh, I know! —

CYRANO. Have not the folly  
To show surprise.

CHRISTIAN. At what?

CYRANO. Well, I must tell you —  
Oh, Lord! 'twas simple, as I see to-day,  
When I see her. You have —

CHRISTIAN. Speak quick!

CYRANO. You have  
Written her oftener than you think.

CHRISTIAN. How's that?

CYRANO. I took it on myself, and was your  
spokesman!

I sometimes wrote, and never let you know.

CHRISTIAN. Ah?

CYRANO. It was simple.

CHRISTIAN. How did you contrive it?  
Since the blockade —

CYRANO. Oh, I could pass ere daybreak.

CHRISTIAN (*folding his arms*).  
And that was simple, too? How many times  
A week have I then written — two? three?  
four?

CYRANO. Oftener.

CHRISTIAN. Every day?

CYRANO. Yes — twice a day.





ROXANE. Hush, you cannot know!  
'Tis true I've worshipped you since on that evening,

Beneath my window — with a voice whose tones  
I had not heard before — your soul began  
To make itself known to me. Well, your letters,

You see, for this past month, have been the same

As listening to your voice the livelong day, —  
Your voice, as 'twas that evening, soft and tender —

Like a caress. The worse for you, I came!  
For had Ulysses written words like yours  
Penelope would ne'er have stayed at home  
And plied her spinning-wheel; but mad like Helen

She would have sent her fleeces all a-packing,  
And gone to seek her husband.

CHRISTIAN. But —

ROXANE. I read —

I read again. I felt myself grow faint.  
I was your own; and every little page  
Was like a petal flying from your soul.  
I felt, in each word of your burning letters,  
Your love — strong and sincere.

CHRISTIAN. Sincere and strong?  
You felt it there, Roxane?



The comeliness with which you pleased me first  
I see more clearly — yet I see it not.

CHRISTIAN. Oh!

ROXANE. You have doubts of such  
a victory?

CHRISTIAN (*sadly*). Roxane!

ROXANE. I know you cannot yet believe  
This love of mine —

CHRISTIAN. I care not for this love!  
I would be loved more simply, for —

ROXANE. For what  
Women have loved in you until this hour?  
Now let yourself be loved in nobler fashion!

CHRISTIAN. No. Better as it was!

ROXANE. You do not see!  
'Tis now that I love more, — that I love most.  
'Tis what makes you yourself that I adore; —  
And even less fair —

CHRISTIAN. Hush!

ROXANE. I'd love you still.  
If you should lose all comeliness at once —

CHRISTIAN. Oh, say not so!

ROXANE. 'T is what I mean!

CHRISTIAN. What! ugly?

ROXANE. Ugly. I swear it!

CHRISTIAN. God!

ROXANE. Your joy is deep?

CHRISTIAN (*with smothered voice*). Yes.



CYRANO. I?

CHRISTIAN. I know it!

CYRANO. It is true!

CHRISTIAN. Madly!

CYRANO. Yes, more!

CHRISTIAN. Tell her.

CYRANO. No!

CHRISTIAN. Why not?

CYRANO. Why? Look at my face!

CHRISTIAN. She'd love me — ugly.

CYRANO. Did she tell you so?

CHRISTIAN. She did.

CYRANO. Ah, I am glad she  
told you that!

But stop, — do not believe this foolish thing.

God! I am glad she even had the thought

To say so! Do not take her at her word.

Become not ugly; — she'd bear me a grudge!

CHRISTIAN. That's what I wish to see.

CYRANO. No!

CHRISTIAN. Let her choose!

For you shall tell her all.

CYRANO. No, not this torture!

CHRISTIAN. Shall I then kill your joy, —  
since I am fair?

'Tis too unjust!

CYRANO. And shall I bury yours? —  
Because, thanks to the hazard of my birth,



Scene X.

Roxane, Cyrano; then Le Bret, Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, the Cadets, Ragueneau, De Guiche, etc.

ROXANE. Something important? —

CYRANO (*in desperation*). He has gone — 'Twas nothing.

He makes much out of little. You should know him

Better by this time.

ROXANE (*quickly*). He did not believe what I just said. I saw he had his doubts.

CYRANO (*taking her hand*).

But did you, then, tell him the very truth?

ROXANE. Yes, I should love him, e'en (*hesitates a second*) —

CYRANO (*smiling sadly*). It troubles you to say the word before me?

ROXANE. But —

CYRANO. 'Twill not hurt me. — E'en ugly?

ROXANE. Yes. (*Musketry without.*)

Ah, there's a shot!

CYRANO. Hideous?

ROXANE. Hideous!

CYRANO. Disfigured? .









He's dead. You were the only one who knew him.

(*Weeps softly.*)

— Was he not wonderful? — a chosen being?

CYRANO (*standing bareheaded*).

Yes, ROXANE.

ROXANE. And a poet to adore?

CYRANO. Yes, ROXANE.

ROXANE. And a lofty spirit?

CYRANO. Yes.

ROXANE. A mighty heart, undreamt of by the crowd, —

A glorious soul and charming?

CYRANO (*stoutly*). Yes, ROXANE!

ROXANE (*throwing herself on Christian's body*). He's dead!

CYRANO (*aside, drawing his sword*). And only death is left for me —

Since she mourns me in him, and knows it not.

(*Trumpets in the distance.*)

DE GUICHE (*reappearing on the rampart, helmet off, wounded in the forehead; with thundering voice*).

The promised signal! Hear the blaring brass!  
The French will quickly reach the camp with food!

Hold hard a moment longer.



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*help, carries off in a faint.) Farewell,  
Roxane!*

*(Confusion; shouts. Cadets reappear, wounded,  
and fall upon the stage. Cyrano, rushing  
into the battle, is stopped on top of the  
rampart by Carbon, covered with blood.)*

CARBON. Our line is broken! I have had  
two wounds!

CYRANO *(shouting to the Gascons)*.  
Stand fast! Hold hard, my lads! *(To Car-  
bon, whom he holds up.)* Be not afraid.  
Two deaths I must avenge: my friend, — my  
joy!

*(They descend. Cyrano brandishes the lance on  
which is fastened Roxane's kerchief.)*

Float, little flag of lace that bears her name.

*(Plants it in the ground, and shouts to the  
Cadets.)*

Fall on them! Crush them down! *(To the  
fifer)*. And blow your fife.

*(The fifer plays. The wounded raise them-  
selves. Cadets, climbing up the rampart,  
rally around Cyrano and the little flag.  
The carriage, transformed into a redoubt,  
is covered and filled with men, and bristles  
with arquebuses.)*

A CADET *(appearing on top of the rampart,  
in retreat, but still fighting, shouts.)*

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They scale the rampart!

*(Falls dead.)*

CYRANO.

Give them a salute!

*(The rampart is crowded in a moment with a terrible array of the enemy. The great Imperial standards appear.)*

CYRANO. Fire!

*(General volley.)*

A SHOUT IN THE ENEMY'S RANKS. Fire!

*(Murderous reply. The Cadets fall on every side.)*

A SPANISH OFFICER *(uncovering)*. Who are these, who all court death!

CYRANO *(reciting, erect in the midst of the bullets.)*

These be Cadets of Gascony, —

Carbon de Castel-Jaloux's men:

They fight, they lie full shamelessly, —

*(darts forward, followed by a few survivors)*

— These be Cadets —

*(The rest is lost in the battle.)*

**CURTAIN.**

## FIFTH ACT.

## CYRANO'S GAZETTE.

*Fifteen years after, in 1655. The park of the convent occupied by the Sisters of the Cross, at Paris. Superb foliage. To the left, the house ; a great terrace upon which several doors open. An enormous tree in the centre of the stage, standing alone in the middle of a little oval opening. To the right, in the foreground, among boxwood bushes, a semi-circular stone bench. The rear of the stage is crossed by an avenue of chestnuts ; which leads on the right (in the background) to the door of a chapel, half seen through the branches. Through the double curtain of trees formed by this avenue are seen stretches of lawn, other avenues, small groves ; the perspective of the park ; the sky. A little side door of the chapel opens on a colonnade, garlanded with reddened vines, the colonnade disappearing on the right in the foreground, behind the box. It is autumn. The foliage shows yellow above the green lawns. Dark spots of box and yew trees, still green. A circle of dead leaves under each tree. The leaves are scattered over the whole stage,*



*crackle under foot in the avenues, and half cover the terrace and the benches. Between the bench on the right and the tree stands a large embroidery-table, in front of which a low chair has been placed. Baskets full of skeins and worsteds. A piece of embroidery already begun. When the curtain rises, Sisters are coming and going in the park; some are seated on the bench around an older nun. The leaves are falling.*

### Scene I.

Mother Margaret, Sister Martha, Sister Claire;  
Other Sisters.

SISTER MARTHA (*to Mother Margaret*).

Sister Claire glanced i' the mirror twice, to see  
How sat her headdress.

MOTHER MARGARET (*to Sister Claire*). It  
is very ugly.

SISTER CLAIRE. But I saw Sister Martha  
steal a plum,

This morning, from the tart.

MOTHER MARGARET (*to Sister Martha*). A  
naughty deed!

SISTER CLAIRE. But such a little look!

SISTER MARTHA. So small a plum!

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MOTHER MARGARET. I'll tell Monsieur  
Cyrano all, to-night.

SISTER CLAIRE (*alarmed*).

No, he will mock us.

SISTER MARTHA. He will call the nuns  
Very coquettish —

SISTER CLAIRE. Very fond of sweets —

MOTHER MARGARET (*smiling*).

And very good.

SISTER CLAIRE. But, mother, is't not so,—  
He's come each Saturday these ten years past?

MOTHER MARGARET. Yes, longer! Ever  
since his cousin joined

Her worldly mourning to our linen robes,  
And sought for peace with us, — fourteen years  
since ;

Like some great black-plumed bird 'mid our  
white flock.

SISTER MARTHA. He only, since she first  
took refuge here,  
Can charm away her never-lessening grief.

ALL THE SISTERS. He is so merry — 'T is  
cheerful when he comes —  
He teases us — He's kind — We like him  
well —

We must prepare for him our choicest sweets —

SISTER MARTHA. But yet he is not a good  
Catholic !

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SISTER CLAIRE.    We shall convert him.

THE SISTERS.                      Yes, yes!

MOTHER MARGARET.                      I forbid!

That is a task you must not undertake.

Trouble him not. He might come less, per-  
chance.

SISTER MARTHA.    But — God —

MOTHER MARGARET.                      Be not dis-  
turbed! God knows him well!

SISTER MARTHA.    Yet every Saturday he  
proudly tells me,

When he comes in, "I feasted yesterday!"

MOTHER MARGARET.    He tells you that! —

The last time that he came,

Food had not passed his lips for two whole  
days.

SISTER MARTHA.    Mother!

MOTHER MARGARET.                      He's poor.

SISTER MARTHA.                      Who told you?

MOTHER MARGARET.                      Monsieur le Bret.

SISTER MARTHA.    He gets no help?

MOTHER MARGARET.                      No, that  
would anger him.

*(In an avenue in the background Roxane ap-  
pears, dressed in black, with a widow's cap  
and long veil; De Guiche, very elegant,  
but growing old, walks near her. They  
approach slowly. Mother Margaret rises.)*

We must retire — Madame Madeleine  
Is walking with a stranger in the park.

SISTER MARTHA (*aside to Sister Claire*).

The Duc de Grammont?

SISTER CLAIRE (*looking*). Yes, I think it is.

SISTER MARTHA. He has not come to see  
her for these months.

THE SISTERS. He's busy — with the Court  
— the Field —

SISTER CLAIRE. The World!

(*They go out. De Guiche and Roxane come  
down in silence, and stop near the embroid-  
ery-table. An interval.*)

## Scene II.

Roxane, the Duc de Grammont (formerly  
Comte de Guiche); then Le Bret, and  
Ragueneau.

THE DUKE. And you will stay here ever —  
vainly fair,  
And always mourning?

ROXANE. Always!

THE DUKE. Faithful still?

ROXANE. Still faithful.

THE DUKE (*after an interval*). And you  
have forgiven me?

ROXANE. Since I am here.

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THE DUKE.                      He was a noble soul.

ROXANE.    You should have known him.

THE DUKE.    Ah?            Perhaps I should.  
Perhaps I never knew him well enough.

Do you still wear his letter next your heart?

ROXANE.    Like some dear relic, on this  
                  velvet band.

THE DUKE.    You love him, e'en in death?

ROXANE.                      Sometimes it seems  
He is not wholly dead, — our hearts still meet,  
His living love hovers about me still.

THE DUKE (*after another silence*).  
Cyrano comes to see you?

ROXANE.                      Often, yes.  
He is for me a journal — this old friend, —  
He comes at such a time.    His chair is placed  
Under this tree, whene'er the weather's fine.  
I ply my needle, and I wait for him.  
The clock strikes : and at the last stroke I hear—  
For I no longer even turn my head —  
His stick upon the steps.    He seats himself ;  
He jests at my eternal needlework ;  
He tells me the week's doings. (*Le Bret*  
                  *appears on the steps.*)            Oh, Le Bret !  
(*Le Bret descends.*)

How is our friend?

LE BRET.                      Ill !

THE DUKE.                      Oh !

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ROXANE (*to the Duke*). He tells it large.

LE BRET. 'T is all as I foretold. Alone  
and wretched —

His letters ever winning him new foes —  
He levels his attacks at every sham :  
Sham nobles, — hypocrites, — sham heroes, —  
wit  
Stolen from others ; — in short, at all the  
world.

ROXANE. But his sword still inspires a  
mighty dread ;

No one will get the best of him.

THE DUKE (*shaking his head*). Who knows ?

LE BRET. But what I fear is not fair, open  
fight.

'T is solitude and hunger — winter cold,  
Ent'ring his humble room with wolf-like tread, —  
Such are the murderers who'll be his death.  
— For every day he tighter draws his belt ;  
His nose is like some piece of antique ivory ;  
He has one single coat, of wretched black.

THE DUKE. Oh, he's no upstart rich ! It  
is as well !

Waste not your pity on him !

LE BRET (*with a bitter smile*). But, my  
Lord !

THE DUKE. Waste not your pity on him ;  
he has lived

Without concessions, free in thought and deed.

LE BRET (*as before*). Your Grace —

THE DUKE (*haughtily*). I know

I've all things; he has naught, —

But I would gladly grasp him by the hand.

(*Bowing to Roxane*). Adieu!

ROXANE. I will attend you.

(*The Duke bows to Le Bret, and turns toward the steps with Roxane.*)

THE DUKE (*stopping while she ascends*).

Yes, sometimes

I envy him. You see, when all one's life  
Has brought too much success, too lightly won,  
He feels — though he has done no downright  
wrong —

A thousand petty quarrels with himself,  
Which all combined together only make  
A dull disgust with life — yet not remorse;  
And while one mounts the steps of worldly  
state,

Even the ermined mantle of a duke  
Drags after it a host of vain regrets  
And dead illusions; even as your gown —  
While you mount slowly upward to these  
doors —

Drags after it the rustling fallen leaves.

ROXANE (*ironically*). Are you a dreamer?

THE DUKE. Yes! (*Just as he is going out, quickly.*) Monsieur Le Bret!

(*To Roxane.*)

By your leave? A word.

(*Approaches Le Bret, and in an undertone.*)

'T is true, no one would dare  
Attack your friend, — but many hate him well :  
And yesterday they told me, at the Queen's,  
“ This Cyrano might die by some mishap ! ”

LE BRET. Ah?

THE DUKE. Let him go out seldom,  
and be cautious.

LE BRET (*lifting his arms toward heaven*).  
Cautious! He's coming. I shall warn him —  
But! —

ROXANE (*who has remained on the steps, to a  
sister who advances towards her*). What?

THE SISTER. Ragueneau would see you,  
Madame.

ROXANE. Bid him enter.

(*To the Duke and Le Bret.*)

He comes to tell his woes. Having set out  
To be an author, he has been in turn  
Singer —

LE BRET. Bath-keeper —

ROXANE. Actor —

LE BRET. Beadle —

ROXANE. Barber —

LE BRET. Lute-player —

ROXANE. And what will he be to-day?



RAGUENEAU (*entering hurriedly.*)  
 Ah, Madame! (*Sees Le Bret.*)      Sir!  
 ROXANE (*smiling.*)      Now  
     you can tell your troubles  
 To Le Bret; I'll return.  
 RAGUENEAU.      But, Madame —  
 (*Roxane goes out, without hearing him, with the  
 Duke. He turns towards Le Bret.*)

### Scene III.

Le Bret, Ragueneau.

RAGUENEAU.      Well,  
 Since you are here, 'tis best she should not  
     know —  
 As I was on my way to see your friend,  
 And still some twenty paces from his door,  
 I saw him coming out. I went to meet him,  
 And as he turned the corner of the street,  
 From out a window, under which he passed,  
 A lackey dropped a stave — By chance?  
     Perhaps!  
 LE BRET.      The cowards — Cyrano!  
 RAGUENEAU.      I came and saw —  
 LE BRET.      Frightful!  
 RAGUENEAU.      Our friend, Mon-  
     sieur, — our noble poet,

There on the ground, a great wound in his head.

LE BRET. He's dead?

RAGUENEAU. No, but — Good God! — I bore him

Up to his room. His room! Oh, you should see

His wretched pallet!

LE BRET. He is suffering?

RAGUENEAU. No, sir, he is unconscious.

LE BRET. A physician?

RAGUENEAU. One came by courtesy.

LE BRET. Poor Cyrano!

We must not tell this all at once to Roxane.

What did the doctor say?

RAGUENEAU. I hardly know.

He talked of fever; he spoke of the brain —

Oh, you should see him — his poor bandaged head!

Come quickly, there is no one at his side;

And if he rises, sir, he's like to die.

LE BRET (*drawing him toward the right*).

This way, 'tis shorter — through the chapel — come!

ROXANE (*appearing on the steps, and seeing Le Bret departing by the colonnade leading to the little door of the chapel*).

*Monsieur Le Bret!* (*Le Bret and Ragueneau escape without answering.*) He goes when he is called!

'T is some new history of poor Ragueneau's.  
(*Descends the steps.*)

**Scene IV.**

Roxane, alone ; then, for a moment, two Sisters.

ROXANE. This last September day is very fair.

My sadness smiles, — in April wrapt in gloom,

But of a brighter hue when autumn comes.

(*Sits herself at her work. Two Sisters come out of the house, and carry a large arm-chair under the tree.*)

Here's the historic chair where my old friend  
Will take his seat.

SISTER MARTHA. It is the best we have.

ROXANE. I thank you, Sister. (*The Sisters withdraw.*) He will come. (*Takes her seat. The clock strikes.*) The clock

Is striking — my embroid'ry — It has struck.

I am amazed. Will he for once be late?

The Sister at the gate — Where is my thimble?

— Must be exhorting him to penitence.

I've found it now — (*An interval.*) She is exhorting him.

He cannot tarry long — A fallen leaf!  
(*With her finger she brushes away a leaf that has fallen on her work.*)

Besides, nothing could keep him — Now, my scissors?

Here in my bag.

A SISTER (*appearing on the steps*). Monsieur de Bergerac.

### Scene V.

Roxane, Cyrano; and, a moment later, Sister Martha.

ROXANE (*without turning*).

What was I saying?

(*She sews. Cyrano appears, very pale, with his hat pulled down over his eyes. A Sister ushers him in and retires. He starts to walk slowly down the steps, making a visible effort to hold himself erect, and leaning on his stick. Roxane works at her embroidery.*)

Ah, these faded shades!

Into what pattern shall I fashion them?

(*To Cyrano, in tones of friendly scolding.*)

Late — for the first time in full fourteen years!

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CYRANO (*reaching the arm-chair, and sitting down; speaking with a cheerful voice, in contrast to his expression*).

Yes, 'tis absurd, I am beside myself.

I was detained.

ROXANE.                      By what?

CYRANO.                                      Oh, by a most  
Untimely visitation!

ROXANE.                      By some churl  
Troubling you with importunate demands?

CYRANO.      Yes, cousin, and I soon must do  
his bidding.

ROXANE:      You bade him go?

CYRANO.                      Yes. "This is Saturday,"  
I said: "a day when surely, rain or shine,  
I must betake me to a certain house  
And pay a visit there.      So come again  
Within an hour."

ROXANE (*lightly*).      Well, this friend of yours  
Will have to wait for you a longer time —  
I shall not let you go till evening falls.

CYRANO.      But I may be constrained to go  
away  
A little sooner.

(*He closes his eyes, and is silent for a moment.*  
*Sister Martha crosses the park, from the  
chapel to the steps. Roxane sees her, and  
signals to her with a little nod of her head.*

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ROXANE (*to Cyrano*). Oh! You will not  
tease

Poor Sister Martha?

CYRANO (*smartly, opening his eyes*). Yes, I  
think I shall

(*With a big, comical voice.*) Sister, come here!

(*The Sister glides towards him.*) Ha, ha!

You carry still

Your bright eyes always lowered!

SISTER MARTHA (*lifting her eyes with a  
smile.*) But— (*sees his appearance, and  
makes a movement of surprise*) Oh!

CYRANO (*aside, indicating Roxane*). Hush!  
'T is nothing. (*In a voice of burlesque boast-  
ing.*) Yesterday I made a feast!

SISTER MARTHA. I understand. (*Aside.*)

That's why he is so pale.

(*In a quick aside to Cyrano.*)

Come to the dining-hall, and you shall take  
A fine great bowl of broth. You will come,  
now?

CYRANO. Yes, yes; of course.

SISTER MARTHA. Now, I am glad to see  
That for this once you can be reasonable.

ROXANE (*hearing them whispering*).  
She's trying to convert you?

SISTER MARTHA. No, not I!

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CYRANO. Yes, that is true! And yet the  
pious words

Fall from your lips in such a plenteous flow  
I am amazed you do not preach to me.

(*With mock anger.*)

Thunder and Mars! I shall amaze you, too,  
For I shall suffer you this very night —

(*pretends to be looking for a subject of raillery  
and to find it*)

— To pray for me at chapel!

ROXANE.

Oh, oh, oh!

CYRANO (*laughing*). The Sister's stricken  
dumb.

SISTER MARTHA (*gently*).

I waited not

For your permission.

(*Retires.*)

CYRANO (*turning to Roxane, who bends over  
her work.*) When shall I see the end  
Of this interminable needlework?

ROXANE. I waited for that jest.

(*At this moment, a puff of wind starts the  
leaves falling.*)

CYRANO.

Look at the leaves.

ROXANE (*raising her head, and looking far  
off through the vista*).

They are Venetian yellow. Watch them fall.

CYRANO. Yes, watch them well — how  
gracefully they fall!

And in their journey short, from branch to  
earth,

How they put on a final fleeting charm!

And, although loath to molder on the ground,  
They strive to give their fall the grace of  
flight!

ROXANE. What, are you sad?

CYRANO (*remembering himself*). No, not  
at all, ROXANE.

ROXANE. Let the leaves fall, and tell me  
all the news, —

My journal!

CYRANO. Here it is.

ROXANE. Ah!

CYRANO (*growing paler and paler, and struggling against his pain*). Saturday,

The nineteenth of the month, His Majesty,

Having partaken of too many sweets,

Suffered a touch of fever, and was bled.

His illness was found guilty of high treason;

And now his august pulse is calm again!

At the Queen's ball, on Sunday, there were  
burned

Wax candles seven hundred sixty-three!

They say our troops beat John of Austria!

Four witches have been hanged! The little  
dog

Of Madame Athis needed medicine —





Arras — which at times —  
You know —

ROXANE. Poor friend —

CYRANO. 'T is naught. 'T will  
pass. (*Smiles, with an effort.*) It has  
passed!

ROXANE. Each of us has his wound; and I  
have mine, —

An ancient wound that never heals,— just here.  
(*Lays her hand on her breast.*)

Here! — 'neath this letter, with its yellowing  
folds!

Where still you see commingled blood and  
tears.

(*Twilight begins to fall.*)

CYRANO. His letter! Once I think you  
promised me  
That I might some day read it—

ROXANE. Do you wish? —

CYRANO. Yes, 'tis my wish, to-day —

ROXANE (*giving him the little bag which hangs  
about her neck*). Here —

CYRANO (*taking it*). I may open?

ROXANE. Open and read.

(*She returns to her work, folds it, and arranges  
her worsteds.*)

CYRANO (*reading*):

“Farewell, Roxane, my death is very near!”



ROXANE. A voice that I have somewhere heard before.

*(Approaches softly, without his noticing it; goes behind his chair, leans over quietly, and looks at the letter. The darkness deepens.)*

CYRANO.

“My heart has never left you for a breath;  
And here, and in the world beyond the grave,  
I am he whose love for you passed every bound.”

ROXANE *(laying her hand on his shoulder)*.

But how can you read now? The night has come.

*(He starts, turns; sees her close to him; makes a startled gesture, lowers his head. A long silence. Then, after it has become quite dark, she says slowly, clasping her hands).*

And for these fourteen years he's played this part

Of the old friend who comes to cheer me up.

CYRANO. Roxane!

ROXANE. 'T was you! —

CYRANO. Ah, no, Roxane; not I!

ROXANE. I should have guessed it, when he spoke my name.

CYRANO. Ah, no! It was not I.

ROXANE. 'T was you.

CYRANO. I swear —

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ROXANE. At last I see it all — the generous  
cheat!

You wrote the letters —

CYRANO.                                      No!

ROXANE.                                      The dear mad words

Were yours —

CYRANO.                                      No!

ROXANE.      The voice that night was yours.

CYRANO.      I swear it was not!

ROXANE.                                      And the soul was yours.

CYRANO.      I loved you not!

ROXANE.                                      You loved me —

CYRANO.                                      It was he —

ROXANE.      You loved me!

CYRANO.                                      No.

ROXANE.      But now you speak more soft.

CYRANO.      No, no; my best-beloved, I loved  
you not.

ROXANE.      How many things since then have  
come and gone!

Why have you held your peace for fourteen  
years?

Since on this letter, which was naught to him,  
These tears were yours?

CYRANO.                                      But the blood was his!

ROXANE.      Then why to-day should you de-  
cide to break

This noble silence?

CYRANO. Why?  
(*Enter Le Bret and Ragueneau, running.*)

Scene VI.

The Same; Le Bret and Ragueneau.

LE BRET. What madness! I was sure —  
There he is!

CYRANO (*smiling and straightening up*).  
Why, yes; of course!

LE BRET. Madame, he's killed himself  
By rising.

ROXANE. But just now, this weakness —

CYRANO. True,  
My news was not yet finished: Saturday,  
The twenty-sixth, an hour before he dined,  
Monsieur de Bergerac was foully murdered.  
(*Uncovers. His head is seen to be bandaged.*)

ROXANE. What says he? Cyrano! Look  
at his head,  
Wrapped in a bandage! Oh! what have they  
done

To you! Why?

CYRANO. "*By the good sword's thrust,  
Struck by a hero, fall with point in heart!*" —  
Yes, I said that. But Destiny's a mocker.  
And here I am, caught by a coward's trick;  
Struck from behind; felled by a faggot's blow



Others have climbed to kisses and to fame!  
 'T is just; and on the threshold of my tomb,  
 I own Molière a genius — Christian fair.  
*(At this moment the chapel-bell rings, and the  
 nuns are seen passing through the avenue  
 in the background, going to mass.)*

Their bell has sounded; let them go to prayers.

ROXANE *(rising to call for help)*.

Come! Sister, Sister!

CYRANO. No, no! Go for no one!  
 When you return, I shall have gone away.  
*(The nuns have entered the chapel. The organ  
 plays.)*

Music was all I needed — there it is!

ROXANE. I love you! Live!

CYRANO. No, in the fairy-tale  
 'T is plainly written that when the humbled  
 Prince  
 Had heard the words — “I love you,” his dis-  
 guise

Of horror fled like snow before the sun:  
 But you will see that I remain the same.

ROXANE. And I have wrought your sor-  
 row — even I!

CYRANO. You? No, not you! 'T is quite  
 the opposite.

I ne'er knew woman's kindness. E'en my  
 mother



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Thought me not fair. I never had a sister.  
Then I feared sweethearts with their mocking  
eyes!

But, thanks to you, I've had at least a friend;  
And through my life a woman's robe has  
passed.

LE BRET (*pointing out the moonbeams fall-  
ing through the branches*).

There comes your other friend to see you.

CYRANO (*smiling at the moon*).                      Yes!

ROXANE. I loved but one — and now I lose  
him twice.

CYRANO. Le Bret, I'm going, — up to the  
shining moon,

And need devise no engine for this flight!

ROXANE. What did you say?

CYRANO.                      Yes, it is there, on high,  
There am I sent to make my paradise.  
More than one soul I love is exiled there:  
Socrates — Galileo. I'll find them all.

LE BRET (*rebelliously*).

No, no! 'T is too absurd! 'T is too unjust!  
So great a poet! Such a noble heart!  
To die this way! To die —

CYRANO.                      Hear Le Bret scold!

LE BRET (*bursting into tears*). Dear friend!

CYRANO (*rising, his eyes wandering*).

“*These be Cadets of Gascony*” —

The elemental substance — Yes — the “*hic*.”

LE BRET. List to his science, even in his ravings.

CYRANO. Copernicus said —

ROXANE. Oh!

CYRANO. “What did he there?  
And what the devil did he in the galley?”

*Philosopher, physician,  
Poet, swordsman, and musician,  
And a traveller through the heavens to the  
moon!*

*His sword-point always ready,  
His sword-arm always steady,  
And a lover to whom love was not a boon!*

*Here lies Hercule-Savinien de Cyrano de  
Bergerac;  
All things in turn he tried; and all things did  
he lack!*

But pardon — I must go, I may not wait:  
You see the moonbeams come to take me  
hence!

*(Falls back into his seat. Roxane's tears  
bring him back to realities. He looks at  
her, and caresses her veil.)*

I would not have you shed one tear the less  
For Christian — fair and noble. All I ask  
Is, when my body shall lie cold in death,



Bigotry! Cowardice! (*Strikes.*) Shall I  
make terms?

No, never! never! There is Folly, too!  
I knew that in the end you'd lay me low.  
No matter. Let me fight! and fight! and  
fight!

(*Swings his sword in circles, and stops, pant-  
ing.*)

You snatch them all away — laurel and rose!  
Snatch on! One thing is left in spite of you,  
Which I take with me: and this very night,  
When I shall cross the threshold of God's  
house,

And enter, bowing low, this I shall take  
Despite you, without wrinkle, without spot —  
(*Rushes forward with brandished sword.*)

And that is —

(*The sword falls from his hands. He staggers,  
and falls into the arms of Le Bret and  
Ragueneau.*)

ROXANE (*leaning over him, and kissing his  
forehead.*) What?

CYRANO (*opens his eyes, recognizes her, and  
says with a smile.*) My stainless soldier's  
crest!

CURTAIN.



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